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MALE

September, 1956 Vol. 6, No. 9

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MALE

Before Scotland Yard locked him up last March, one Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson, or Champagne Charlie as he was more affectionately called, was working hard to become the world's greatest con man and Casanova. In fact, detectives called him the worst threat to the British treasury and the virtue of British women since the Spanish Armada. His incredible adventures that begin on page 16 leave no doubt of that.

However, with all due respect for the British underworld, England never turned out a mountebank to equal an American of the last century named Daniel Sickles. This Sickles swindled millions. The women he seduced included the queen of Spain. The lives he took—directly and indirectly—ran into the thousands. Sickles was, in his life, a congressman, general, stock manipulator and counselor of five presidents. When he died in 1914 at age 94, he was still chasing girls and working on a scheme to embezzle \$28,000 from a veterans' monument fund.

How did he get away with it all? The answer is charm. And for some unexplainable reason, this charm worked on men as well as women. The broad-shouldered hucko induced judges to dismiss charges of mail robbery and ballot box tampering against him. He got himself appointed ambassador to Britain, then showed up at the Court of St. James with a sexy tramp on his arm and charmed the stuffy lords and ladies into accepting her.

And this same magnetism even induced President Buchanan to do some rather un-presidential things in one messy affair to save Sickles' neck. It seems that Sickles, then Congressman Sickles, had coolly and viciously blown out the brains of the son of Francis Scott Key for philandering with his wife. Sickles' defense was that of a wronged husband who was so blind with rage that he didn't know what he was doing. It was the first successful defense of this kind. Today we call it temporary insanity.

But there was one witness who might have proven him quite sane and even deliberate, and this was where Buchanan stepped in. He gave this witness money and a fancy

razor and booted him out of Washington so he couldn't testify.

It's true that there were occasions of Sickles doing things for others, but even these good deeds were aimed at just one thing—advancing his own career.

The full extent to which he would go to do this is perhaps best shown by a picnic he staged during the Civil War at a time when even hardtack brought its weight in gold. This time, Sickles was a general.

He invited 20 high-ranking Union officers to a "light lunch" on a river bank, a short distance from, but out of sight of, hungry Union troops. The dusty brass found a white cloth set out on the turf. It was covered with porcelain plates. The chow included fresh strawberries, orange and pineapple slices, roast turkey, chicken, steaming hams, beef and fresh vegetables.

"This rascal has robbed a hotel," someone joked with a full mouth.

"The truth is," Sickles confessed later, "that a steamboat had arrived from the North with gifts for the sick and wounded. The agent in charge asked me for wagons to transport the supplies to our hospital camps. I complied, but kept a wagon load for myself."

Another man would have hung for robbing the wounded, but Sickles just went on winning friends and robbing them blind. Just how the man spent his 94 years getting away with murder is told in the October issue of STAG magazine, on sale September 00. When you read it you'll see that whatever he was—crooked, ruthless, immoral and vicious—the flamboyant Sickles was never dull.



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—Howard Hopkins, East Syracuse, N. Y.

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"I'm 12 years old. I have played for our church. My sister also uses the course. She can play anything—and had never taken lessons before."

—Patsy Jeffery, Sweetwater, Tex.



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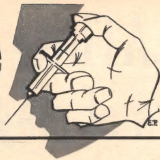
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Medicine for Males



By Anthony Ridge

SMOKE IN YOUR EYES—If you suddenly find one day that you can't see as clearly as you used to, it may be because you're smoking too much. An early symptom of tobacco amblyopia (dimness of vision) may be a numbness and coldness of the fingertips. As time goes on, gradually the recognition of red and green

are picked up by notorious quacks who treat them with phony ointments and then set them up as exhibits of their alleged cancer healing. Reputable doctors now heal from 25 to 30 per cent of all cancers.

B

NEW FOR ULCERS—In the search for a sure-fire remedy for stomach ulcers, British doctors are building high hopes for a new group of drugs which has been effective in lowering blood pressure. The drug combination, thus far known only as 356C54, is related to pain killers and antihistamines. Injected under the skin, it acts by blocking nerve ganglia. Because of the great ability to cut down secretion of stomach juices and stomach activity, its use against ulcers has been recommended.

B

FAT GOT YOU DOWN?—Pudgy and paunchy men may be putting on too much weight because they're sad and emotionally disturbed. Under such stress, the body mechanism for handling sugars and starches is upset. When sugar is removed from the blood too fast after eating, the tubby man feels he hasn't had enough food—so he tends to overeat. This idea was brought out by a New York psychiatric team which used hypnosis to cause hunger contractions.



When sugar solutions were injected into the veins of fat men who were unhappy or emotionally disturbed, the sugar was removed from their blood at abnormally fast rates. When they were calm, the sugar was discharged at a normal rate. To reduce your gorging of food and resulting rotundity, cultivate peace of mind.

FATAL HONEYDRIPPERS—Death or severe illness after a man has been stung by a bee or wasp is due to allergic rather than poisonous reaction, contends a well-known allergist. The poison of the venom from the sting of a honeybee, bumblebee, paper wasp, yellow jacket or hornet is not great enough to account for the body reactions, sometimes ending in death. Apparently these victims are too



sensitive to some insect antigen. Some protection against later stings can be had by desensitization with increasing amounts of venom, but how long immunity will last is not known. The decision whether to immunize a man depends on how severe was his reaction and the likelihood of future stings. Drugs used include epinephrine, an oral antihistamine, and ACTH for severe reactions,

B

STOP THIS KILLER—Hardening of the arteries, the nation's biggest killer because of the heart disease it causes, may be prevented before long by adding vitamins or other chemicals to our diet. This prediction comes from a leading heart specialist who hopes a simple food additive can influence the body's handling of fat, considered the key to the problem of coronary disease. Arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) begins when a man is in his early thirties, though the disease may be not recognized until he reaches his fifties. If he can take the disease stopper in his food year after year, the arteriosclerosis could be prevented. Basis for the theory is the discovery, in lab experiments with monkeys, that sustained lack of one B vitamin will induce the most serious artery hardening known as arteriosclerosis.



begins to fade and distant vision isn't so good. Eventually, eyesight may drop to 20/200 or even less. Fortunately, a Virginia ophthalmologist points out, many victims of the ailment recover when the cause—smoking—is eliminated. The potential damage to the eyes by the tobacco, warns the specialist, is not appreciated enough by most men.

B

MYSTERIOUS CANCER CURES—

Is it possible for cancers to be cured by themselves, without treatment? In the past half-century about 90 such cases have occurred and the chances today are about one in 100,000. A survey by a Chicago expert reveals that numerous so-called cured cases had not been correctly diagnosed by biopsy as cancer in the first place. Other "cured" patients couldn't be traced to see if the disappearance of the cancer was true and complete. Spontaneous regression is not a matter of miracles; often there are known causes. For instance, some cancers are no larger than a pinhead and they're cut out by the examining doctor when he removes a bit of tissue for microscopic study. Sometimes, incomplete surgery may block off the blood supply, thus starving the tumor. X-rays and radium may have a delayed effect which cures the cancer after the medic give up the case as hopeless. Many of these cases



This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

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man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

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Technician <input type="checkbox"/> Auto-Engine Tune Up <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanic	AVIATION <input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Engineering Jr. <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft & Engine Mechanic BUSINESS <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping and Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence <input type="checkbox"/> Public Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Creative Salesmanship <input type="checkbox"/> Federal Tax <input type="checkbox"/> Letter-writing Improvement <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic-Secretarial <input type="checkbox"/> Retail Business Management <input type="checkbox"/> Sales Management <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Secretary <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management CHEMISTRY <input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Chem. Lab. Technician <input type="checkbox"/> General Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Natural Gas Prod. & Trans. <input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics <input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making	CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Construction Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Struct. Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping DRAFTING <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Surveying and Mapping <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing Drawing and Estimating <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting ELECTRICAL <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Maintenance <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting <input type="checkbox"/> Lineman HIGH SCHOOL <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial <input type="checkbox"/> Good English <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics	LEADERSHIP <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision <input type="checkbox"/> Leadership and Organization <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel-Labor Relations MECHANICAL AND SHOP <input type="checkbox"/> Gas—Electric Welding <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision <input type="checkbox"/> Internal Combustion Engines <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design-Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Quality Control <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker <input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking RADIO, TELEVISION <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electronics <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Radio TV Eng'ng <input type="checkbox"/> Radio and TV Servicing <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating	<input type="checkbox"/> Television Technician RAILROAD <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake Equipment <input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engineer & Fireman <input type="checkbox"/> Section Foreman TEAM AND DIESEL POWER <input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel-Elec. <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Eng'g <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Steam Engineering TEXTILE <input type="checkbox"/> Carding and Spinning <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg. <input type="checkbox"/> Dyeing and Finishing <input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fix'g <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Des'g <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Eng'g <input type="checkbox"/> Throwing <input type="checkbox"/> Winding and Weaving MISCELLANEOUS <input type="checkbox"/> Domestic Refrigeration <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Ocean Navigation <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Short Story Writing <input type="checkbox"/> Telephony
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Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____
 Occupation _____
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APPROVED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

By
DON
DWIGGINS

Andrews' SUICIDE RAID



While others feverishly restocked the engine, Scott nipped the wires.

The smuggler's plan to split the South had only one flaw. It was impossible.

► Blinding lightning flashed across the night sky, and for a brief instant, before the peal of thunder came, Jim Andrews, Yankee spy, caught a glimpse of the shadowed figures grouped silently about him.

The heavens opened with a torrential downpour. Andrews wrapped his long cloak tighter about him against the wet chill of the April night.

"Any of you can go back," Andrews' rich, deep

voice said. "It's not too late. You're all volunteers, and the decision to risk your lives rests with you alone."

There was no sound then, except the hammering of rain, and the rushing rivulets of muddy water that swept along the side of the single spur railroad track on the outskirts of Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Lightning flashed again, and this time Andrews saw the eager resoluteness burning in the eyes of the score of men from General Ormsby Knight Mitchell's little Union army, encamped near Nashville.

"We haven't much time," Andrews went on. "This is a dangerous mission. To be caught means almost certain death. If you are caught and questioned, say you're from Fleming County, Kentucky, going south to join the Confederacy. There are no Rebs from Fleming County, and the lie may work."

For an instant Andrews thought about his Ken-

tucky home, and his pretty fiancé, Elizabeth Layton. He'd had to lie to her, to hide the fact he was a Yankee spy, even though her sentiments were with the North.

Kentucky was split by the Civil War, and her men were fighting on both sides. She even supplied both presidents—Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Andrews himself had found the war profitable, as a blockade runner, smuggling vital quinine to the Rebels. And now he was using the contacts he had made for a daring strike at the very heart of the South to steal one of the strangest things ever stolen in any war—a locomotive.

"Break up into small groups and be off," he said. "Meet in Marietta, Georgia, the first station this side of Atlanta, on Thursday. You all have money. Buy transportation when you can. Good luck—and be careful." The little band of (Continued on page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT





Racing at a mile a minute, they broke open the box car and dumped logs on the track.



MISSING-

There was a terrible tearing sound. Then 51 crewmen and nine passengers watched half their boat break off and drift away.

60 FEET OF SHIP

By JOSEPH CABEZUD

► The deep-throated sound cracked and rumbled through the 8,105-ton cargo liner, *Washington Mail*. Explosion in the engine room, I thought, swinging my feet off the bunk in the crew's quarters. I slipped into my waiter's uniform—T-shirt, white coat, white pants—and hurried up to the deck.

The deck was coated with ice. A blustery wind pelted my face with flurries of snow. Mountainous waves thrashed violently on the Pacific Ocean's surface. A gray, murky overcast blanketed the sky above us.

Out in the water, 20 feet away from me, the black-painted bow of a ship bucked the waves. It was backing away from our ship.

My eyes skimmed the graceful lines of the other bow and focused on large letters. They spelled out "*Washington Mail*." It couldn't be. That was our name.

I stared hard in disbelief at the other bow; then turned and hurried to the railing in front of our own superstructure.

I looked down. Our vessel didn't have a bow. The ocean had wrenched it loose from the number three hold forward. At least 60 feet (Continued on page 58)



Thankful to be alive, the *Mail*'s survivors ran ashore from the rescue ship.





Take it from the Yard: No one will ever beat Patrick George Michael Cecil

Johnson at fleecing women and making them love it.

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE: KING OF THE SPENDERS

By WILLIAM HARTNAGE

► Late in the gray afternoon of March 13 of this year, a couple of chunky, barrel-chested Scotland Yard men politely escorted a prized prisoner to famed Dartmoor Prison. Walking erectly between them was the suave, impeccably-groomed 34-year-old Major Michael Woodfall, D.S.O., M.C., self-styled spy-catcher extraordinary for the British MI 5.

At precisely the same moment, the big gates of The Moor creaked shut on the five following characters:

Sir Patrick Murphy, ex-governor of the Bahamas.

Captain "J", man of mystery.

Sir Patrick Johnson, son of Lord Manchester.

Lt. Roland Jones, who claimed to be heir to a fortune.

Captain George Johnson of the British Secret Service.

Actually, however, there was still only one man going to jail. All of these aforementioned characters, and a few more besides, added up to the one and the same Champagne Charlie, the Pride of Mayfair and Prince of Confidence Men who even at that grim moment, looked as all confidence men should, confident. His elegant handle bar mustache and Savile Row suit completed this picture.

(Continued on page 47)

"Come along, Charlie," they said. "Sorry there are no blondes and champagne at Old Bailey."

ILLUSTRATED BY MORT KÜNSTLER





The big lion was hunched up in the grass, tearing and gulping at a fly-ridden carcass, switching its tail in

THE NAIROBI

► The muted roar of the lion wafting over the veld woke me, and I reached under the cot for the pack of cigarettes and found one and lit it. I fell back on the cot and stared beyond the open tent flap, and listened to the lion until the sky blanched.

When I couldn't listen any longer, I slipped into my dungarees and eased through the tent past Taylor and Hazlett. I poked up the embers, started the Primus, filled the coffee pot and splashed a handful of cold water over my face. Then I sat on the fender of the gray pickup truck and remembered.

There had been two lions. Taylor killed one: two shots; the first breaking her spine, the second tearing away the right side of her skull. Instead of charging, the male raced for the peripheral acacia bushes and roared defiantly before he vanished. I heard him there and now I heard him again, and I knew why he was there.

In the vague purple dawn, I also remembered the sequel to that killing and how, later at dinner, Taylor and Hazlett had glossed over the fact that I hadn't shot, saying the lion was going away at the



You lie awake—remembering,
listening to the roar of the lion
outside. You can taste the fear
in your mouth, and the word for
a guy like you isn't very nice.

hunger. We crept so close I could almost smell the blood and hear the sound of ripping tendons and flesh.

AFFAIR

By STAN SMITH

time and other things that didn't ring quite true.

I poured myself a jolt of black coffee and stood near the fire, warming myself, resisting the urge to wake Hazlett and tell him let's forget it; let's go back because I'm only 23 and my guts come from a whiskey bottle.

I heard the obligato of death calling from over the veld, and I imagined the lion was impatient.

Taylor and I flew into Nairobi in February, 1943, two members of an Allied VHF and radar crew—six of us—ferried over from Free French Headquar-

ters, Brazzaville. In war you go to places like that.

It was my first flight to Kenya and it left me cold. At the airport, only a Kikuyu youngster shuffled up to our lorry, bumming cigarettes. It was a bright morning and I halfway expected to see a safari but Africa was not quite as I'd pictured it. Only lorries and brass and other personnel like ourselves.

I was a chief radioman, newly rated, singularly confused. Even Charles Ewert Potts, an Army Signal Corps first lieutenant, (*Continued on page 64*)

She was born out of wedlock, reared in a free love camp, ravished in the ruins of Berlin. She lives only for today and knows but one desperate code: "An empty stomach has no conscience."

By OTTO LANGE

► Idling on a corner of Friedrich-Ebert-Strasse in Frankfurt some weeks ago, an American tourist and his friend were eyeing the sturdy, full-bosomed, hip-swaying fräuleins strolling before them.

"You know what I like about these German women?" said the American. "They're chock full of virtues and no virtue."

An ex-GI from Minnesota, he had fraternized with many a German girl when he was in uniform. Now nostalgia had brought him back to the scenes of his pleasant acquaintances. For many thousands of Yanks like him who spent hours, weeks, even years with the blue-eyed, blonde Brünnhildes, those were probably the most memorable experiences of their otherwise dull lives.

What's happened to those obliging, wonderful fräuleins? What are they like today? What have they got that our homegrown girls—and wives—presumably don't have?

I found the answers during a recent month-long trip through Germany where I visited some of my old haunts and talked to scores of the fräuleins and expatriate Americans. In a nutshell, this is how I sized up German women today:

Having borrowed some of the sexy techniques and characteristics of the French, and retained their own inimitable assets, the new-fashioned fräuleins are possibly the most desirable women in the world.

Just what were the ingredients of a "most desirable" female I learned from my old friend Bob Willis, a former Army major, whom I met by chance in Munich's famous beerhall, the Hofbrauhaus. Bob had been stationed in Germany for several years with the Occupation Forces. Now he was in the export business, living permanently in Munich—with a new wife.

I was astonished to hear that he'd shed his Boston spouse and two children. He had seemed happily married, devoted to his family. But Ursula, the fräulein he'd met and lived with here—had such a strong pull for Bob that he'd forsaken his home

Fräulein!





The men of Berlin have such a wide choice they walk away from any but the most attractive girls.



Names and addresses of eligible Lubeck males are peddled from street corner coin machines.

Fräulein!

"Once we've got a man," the blonde said, "we are happy no

and country for her. He knew what he was doing. Bob tried to explain it all to me over a mug of beer.

"You see," he said, "it was much more than that Ursula is young and beautiful. A *fräulein* makes you experience what it's really like to live with a woman who's satisfied to be just a *woman*, who thinks you're terrific just because you're her man.

"A *fräulein* makes a man feel comfortable. Not just the old bull about putting your pipe and slippers by your chair in the evening. I mean she gives a man a feeling of ease; he's not under strain and tension the way he is with those too-independent, dominating and pampered American women. What I'm trying to say is, a German girl isn't interested in anything but her man—and concentrates on making him happy. She has a real sense of intimacy with her man, of belonging to him and of his belonging to her."

I could understand after this why some of the embittered American occupation wives—"fräulein widows"—had shot their husbands in arguments over German girl-friends.

The fairly typical German girl today is someone like a girl named Gretl Schultz. She comes from a simple, middle-class family. I met Gretl in Essen and got to know her pretty well. Gretl is willowy and long-legged, her flaxen hair cut short in the latest Paris fashion. It's no longer true that *Die*

deutsche Frau schminkt sich nicht (German women never use make-up). Lipstick highlights Gretl's flawless complexion, and occasionally she uses face powder and a touch of rouge. In some ways, she reminded me of Grace Kelly, without that haughty aloofness, for Gretl has a contagious warmth, a care-free manner, an unflagging zest for a good time.

Like other young German women of her era, Gretl had gone through the hell of six years of war and 11 years of occupation. She had grown up under Nazi tutelage—youth societies, "free love" with an SS man, a home for unmarried mothers when she was a teenager. During the war, both her parents were killed when her home was bombed. In Berlin, she was grabbed by a squad of rampaging Russian troops, suffered traumatic shock when she was raped by nine men.

She spent weeks in a stinking, buggy jail—lived with a GI from St. Louis who promised to marry her and then vanished—worked as a domestic and a barmaid, forced herself to do a lot of things just to keep alive. For a time she swung her pocketbook up and down Kurfürstendamm, drumming up business in four languages.

Once, Gretl was part of a six-girl line in a night club where they played the "fish game." The girls wore flimsy dresses over black panties and brasieres. Patrons, provided with long fishing poles and plastic hooks, reached out to "fish" the garments off



To survive in Hamburg's red light district, a girl must be able to shout as loud as her competitor next door.



No matter where you go, almost every dark street is a lover's lane.

matter what he does. Even when he's unfaithful, he's better than no man at all."

the girls. The lucky man who yanked the last remaining item was paid off with a bottle of champagne and ten dances with his "catch." Gretl took such mauling only as long as she was hungry.

Today, Gretl Schultz gets by with a small job at a milliner's shop, plus what she picks up as gifts from the men she knows. About her morals, Gretl told me: "Foreigners don't understand why German girls were so eager to be with the Amis. Well, you know the saying, 'an empty belly knows no conscience.' Remember, many of us had experiences with the Nazis, and the Russians, so our virtue is just academic.

"You see, we've resigned ourselves to live in a world which we didn't make, where all that mattered was to keep on living."

This grim philosophical attitude among the *fräuleins* may account for the plentiful supply of prostitutes throughout Germany. In Hamburg, for instance, which has the most flamboyant, largest and most concentrated night life in Europe today, there are some 9,000 such girls. In one sector, three streets are walled off at each end so that only pedestrians can get in. On each door hangs a sign, "*Zimmer frei*" (Room Vacant), and the girls sit at dimly lighted picture windows haggling with customers outside. The street is appropriately called *Grosse Freiheit* (Great Freedom).

Key to the *fräulein's* moral code is the tremen-

dous shortage of German men. In West Germany, there are 3,000,000 more girls than men. For every 100 men aged 20-29, there are an estimated 173 women. In the American sector alone, there are 40,000 widows.

These are the most decisive factors in changing the status and character of women in post-war Germany, and it's happened in every hamlet and town, as well as in the big cities:

Like Gretl, many *fräuleins* have given up hope of ever finding a man of their own. But bluntly, often desperately, they keep trying—for either a temporary or permanent hitch-up, in or out of wedlock.

The man shortage is so acute that for the first time in modern history polygamy has been openly advocated—not by the free-wheeling, variety-seeking male, but by the traditional ever-constant female. Led by a middle-aged widow, and supported by many respectable women, the movement demanded that at least two women should legally be able to share a man. So far, the idea hasn't taken hold officially. But millions of girls are putting it into practice every day.

I saw evidence of the shortage on the *Werbe Dienst* (advertising service) bulletin boards visible in every German city. Under advertisements for "Marriage, Social Life, Acquaintances" there were such frank appeals as these:

"Good-looking, lively, (Continued on page 82)

We were stripped, mutilated and thrown out in the sun to wither. But I still had one chance of getting out alive, and that was to play dead.

By AARON GOLD

Illustrated by Tony Kokinos



Death

OF AN

ISRAELI PATROL



I got to my feet and screamed. My back felt like it had been torn off.

► Had I moved so much as a finger, had I made the slightest sound when I came to, I'd be dead now. I'd be lying on a nameless hill in the Negev, with my bones long since picked clean by the jackals and bleached white by the sun.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was three pairs of booted feet standing inches away from my head. I heard angry voices, speaking a language I didn't understand, but which I knew to be Egyptian.

Presently one pair of feet stamped off up the hill; the other two men walked over to a boulder a couple of feet away and sat down in the shade. One of them, a big hairy fellow with a straggly black mustache and a cast in one eye, was holding a gold wristwatch in

his hand. He turned it over so that the sun flashed from its surface, then dropped it in his shirt pocket. He said something to the other, laughing, but the other only grunted and looked angry and dissatisfied.

He had a pair of khaki pants on his lap and began going through the pockets. As I watched, he took out a little red leather address book, leafed through the pages for a moment, then tossed it carelessly to the side. It took several moments for me to realize that it was my wristwatch—given to me by my wife as a birthday present—which the big hairy one had dropped in his pocket, and my address book the other had thrown to the side. And with that realization I suddenly became aware of (Continued on page 56)

INSIDE FOR



OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD . . .



HITS AND MISC'S . . .

SMART MONEY . . .

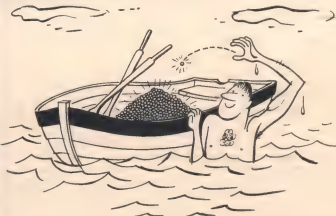
HITS AND MISC'S

THE STRANGEST DAY IN THE WORLD is one Sunday in Czechoslovakia. Czech men are allowed to chase young girls, also wet them down and toss them into rivers. Only defense girls have is to "buy off" their attackers with kisses . . . Tourists who visit outlying Russian cities often have to share hotel rooms WITH STRANGE WOMEN . . . The world's naughtiest night club is located in Cairo. Buxom girls offer to WRESTLE ANY MAN IN THE HOUSE . . .

There are more churches per citizen in Las Vegas than in any other town its size . . . THE MOST RAVISHING GIRLS IN Japan all joining the police force to combat sex crimes . . . SIX OR SEVEN HUSBANDS SHARE ONE WIFE these days in Tibet. The guy who's doing the honors on a particular night leaves his shoes outside the room as a signal to the others to stay away . . .

DAILY GRIND

INDUSTRY TEARING ITS HAIR OUT TRYING TO



MEN

GET THESE SKILLED WORKERS: Machinists, toolmakers, diemakers, machine tool operators, electronics technicians, sheet metal workers, millwrights, patternmakers, airplane mechanics . . . AND THESE PROFESSIONALS: Chemists, metallurgists, physicists, mathematicians . . .

With all the dough flying around Las Vegas, it's almost impossible to land a steady job there. They'll let you gamble, chase women, drink, but the town's old-timers give you the fish eye when you start talking about work . . . You're a goofball these days for thinking twice about a salesman job that doesn't offer you a free car, to use at work. Least you ought to get is FREE insurance, gas, oil, and six cents a mile.

Guys in the BOTTOM RUNG who work on government contracts in these fields due for a minimum wage jump from \$1/hr. to \$1.20: Drugs and medicines, scientific instruments, electric light bulbs and office machines . . . ALASKA JOBS, IT TURNS OUT, ARE OVER-RATED. You may have to wait around a long time for an opening, and it'll cost you \$6/day while you're standing . . .



FISH AND GAME GAMBITS . . .

The sex outbreak in U.S. industry is turning company heads gray—as silly as it seems. For some reasons, couples are waking up to rascally possibilities on the job. So now security guards inspect warehouses, rooftops, stockrooms, enclosed fire escapes, etc., looking for couples who've sneaked off.

SMART MONEY

YOU CAN SALT AWAY A COMFORTABLE FORTUNE by becoming a TAX TIPSTER. These are people who tip the government to others who've been holding back taxes from Uncle Sam. All you can expect is ten per cent of the dough Uncle Sam recovers, but last year THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE SHELLED OUT \$602,817 to 576 tipsters. The payments varied from \$25 to \$41,000. LARGEST CHUNK OF MONEY EVER PAID OUT WAS \$76,000 to a guy who told on a doctor who'd held back \$2.4

continued on page 46



SPORT BEAT . . .



DAILY GRIND . . .

the Fastest GUN in town

He was a stable punk who wanted to be a killer. But he found out the hard way that there was more to killing than big talk and quick draw.

By BILL KILEY



The kid took the big blue from the stranger and walked him into a stable. He didn't pay any attention to the new man because he was deep in thought. He was thinking about Billy The Kid and Wes Hardin and Hank Barry. He didn't even notice the marshal standing across the street watching them until after the stranger had gone. He hadn't seen the way the marshal studied every move the stranger made.

The tall gray-haired lawman strolled over to the livery stable to examine the blue. It was a giant horse. A charger fit for a king.

The marshal questioned the kid while he studied the horse. He wanted to know everything the stranger had said—did he give a name? Where did he come from? How long was he going to be in town?

"He didn't say anything, marshal," the kid replied. "He told me to let the horse cool off for a while, and then to double grain him. And he said I should go easy on the water."

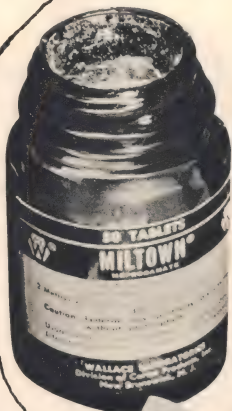
The marshal started to leave, then turned back to the kid. "By the way, Alvie, Old Man Mallory is raising a little hell about your shooting. You know how he (Continued on page 72)



The skinny kid elbowed his way between the two men. "Leave him be," he said. "He doesn't have a gun."

ILLUSTRATED BY DON MULLER





**HOW
HOLLYWOOD
BEATS THE
JITTERS**



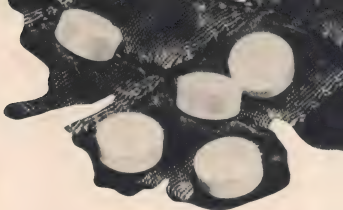
Of the stop-worry drug, Berle quipped: "Just call me Miltown."



For Groucho and Schnoz, the happy pills are better than mothers-in-law for gag fodder.



Bob Hope tells one about a dog that neither barked nor bit after a day on the Miltown.



All it takes to start a wild stampede these days is a big sign in the drug store window that reads, "Yes, we have Miltown."

By FRANK D. ELLIS

► In Hollywood, home of the frenetic, the frustrated and the fouled-up, the word "Miltown" was whispered from ear to ear through movie and television studios one recent morning. As the word buzzed along, stars, directors and executives dropped what they were doing, jammed prescription blanks into pockets and purses, hopped into their Caddies and Jaguars, and took off for a Sunset Boulevard drug store. Soon there was a fine, unrehearsed mob scene taking place, as they milled around impatiently until their turns came to exchange the prescriptions for little vials of pills.

After a few hours of booming business, the harassed druggist had enough. He stumbled out to remove a sign he had attached to his window early that morning. That sign, blazoned in big red letters across the window, read:

"Yes, we have Miltown!"

Several days later, perhaps alerted by that mob scene, another Hollywood drug store, freshly supplied with the hard-to-get substance, advertised in a local newspaper:

"We deliver Miltown promptly."

What is Miltown, this colossal, super-wonder, four-star medical smash hit that has such tremendous appeal for the nerve-racked inhabitants of the movie colony? Miltown, trade name for the synthesized chemical meprobamate, happens to be the latest, and apparently the safest, tranquilizing drug on the market. For the tension-twisted characters of this jitterland, a dependable pacifier like Miltown is as essential as food, (Continued on page 79)

MALE

BOOK BONUS

the BLONDE trap

By WILLIAM FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY HOULIHAN

In the back country, everything belonged to Ringo—the dice, the numbers, the women, even the rope they tried to wrap around Dolan's neck.

► I left Highway 41 and headed east for the Gold Coast. The macadam road waved and dipped like a live thing. Canals, shimmering in heat waves, stretched along either side of the road. Egrets stood knee-deep in the dirty-brown water of these canals and lumbered into the air from a standing start as they tuned in on the roar of my beat-up Ford.

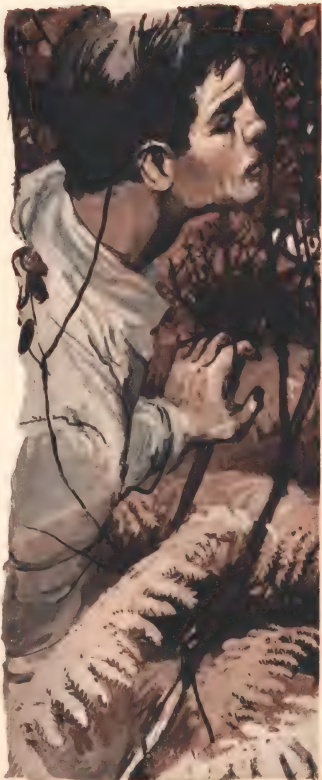
If this is Florida, I thought, they can have it.


I gunned the Ford. I was somewhere north of Lake Okeechobee, somewhere close to the Kissimmee River valley—and all I wanted of inland Florida was out.

I passed a sign that said: "WELCOME TO CARTER COUNTY. STAY AWHILE—YOU'LL LIKE IT!" I had to laugh.

That's when the Ford started clattering—bad. It sounded like all hell had broken loose. I jerked to a stop and got out, cussing. I lifted the lid and had a look. I'd thrown a rod. I don't know

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



A woman with dark hair and bangs is shown from the chest up, looking down and slightly to her left. She is in a wooded area with trees and foliage in the background. The image has a vintage, slightly grainy quality with a muted color palette of browns, greys, and soft pinks. The text is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image.

I turned to go before she saw
me. Then I stepped on a limb
that popped like a firecracker.

what I might have expected. I'd had the pedal on the floor for the best part of two days and a night—all the way from Walter Reed, where the Army had turned me loose with a small fortune in silver plate in my left leg and a medical discharge. I had been in a hurry. You lie in a ditch somewhere east of Wonsan in Korea for seventy hours and your leg looks like something laid out on a butcher's block and it's thirty degrees below zero—you can get pretty cold. And you never want to be cold again.

So I went to Florida.

I figured I could make civilization if I cooled the Ford out and took it easy. I cranked up and limped and clattered along at a fast fifteen miles an hour. The scenery improved—I'll give it that.

In ten minutes I was in Cartersville. The town lay sleeping on four sides of a dusty park. *This is the Florida the tourists never see, I thought. This is small town anywhere.*

The town stank and I wanted none of it—except a good fast mechanic.

I pulled into a seedy-looking garage. A tall, lean, sad-faced man wiped his hands on a batch of waste and listened to my story. He grunted and poked beneath the lid.

"How long?"

He took his time answering me. "Tomorrow, maybe."

"Do it tonight," I said. "I'll pay your overtime."

"You ain't working for Mr. Ringo, by any chance?"

"Who in hell is Mr. Ringo?"

He turned to his bench. "Tomorrow," he said. "If I can find the time."

And so I ended up parking my bag beside an iron bedstead under a fifty-watt light bulb in Cartersville's Home Away From Home.

I had a quick bath and a change of clothes and went down to the lobby. My leg was stiff from driving. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and I wanted a drink. I went to the desk.

"Where's the bar?"

The desk clerk delicately removed a stove match from between brown teeth. I've seen friendlier eyes on a dead mackerel.

"Dry county, mister."

I'd hit them before, of course, but I'd thought Florida was different. "All right," I said. "So it's dry. Where can I get a bottle?"

He stared at me with those dead eyes. "You acquainted with Mr. Rand Ringo?"

"No," I said.

"Package store over the county line. That's

thirty miles away. Are you sure you want a drink?"

All right. So I wouldn't have a drink before chow. I wandered through town. There wasn't much to it. A yellow brick county courthouse squatted morosely on one corner. I saw a Baptist church and a Methodist church. They didn't look very prosperous.

I went to Demetrios'. The lights glared from the ceiling, the way they do in all cheap restaurants. I thought too much of my stomach to go for Demetrios' Fine Old Southern Cuisine. I ordered shrimp cocktail and a sirloin steak.

After I finished eating the thought of spending an evening in Cartersville's Home Away From Home sickened me. I walked around the square. I came to a taxi stand. A cabby dozed in the front seat of a battered 1941 Plymouth. I shook him.

"I'm restless. There must be a couple of places in this county where a man can have a couple of drinks and a few laughs. How about it?"

"Well, we got a juke or so. Outside of town."

I climbed into the front seat with him. "Crank this heap," I said.

"These jukes, they're a ways out of town. They'll cost you—"

"Crank it up, pal," I said.

Joe's Place was eight miles out of town beside a crumpling asphalt county road. I went inside. The joint looked like ten thousand other deep-Southern jukes. The Jax beer ads. The juke with the swirling colors. The corn meal on the warped and splintery floor. The shadowy booths sheltering couples who wanted to make their pitch in the dark. The stale and musty smell . . .

When I had given my cabby a ten spot he'd warmed up enough to tell me the fun went on in an outbuilding behind the juke. I was to tell the fat man behind the beer bar that Al said I was okay. The fat man was leaning against his bar. I walked across the room toward him.

He narrowed fat-rimmed eyes at me.

"Al knows I'm okay."

"Al, huh?" He kept staring at me. Then his eyes strayed to the two singles on the bar. "Well, I reckon you're all right." I saw his fat hand stray to a buzzer beneath his bar. "Straight back and knock on the door."

I started for the back door. A colored man answered my knock at the door of the one-story frame building a hundred yards behind the juke. He bowed me into a brilliantly lighted room. The house was getting a real good play.

At the rear of the building were two small rooms. One was an office. A thin, ferret-faced character—



They were moving in and I braced my back against the bar for the rush.

the boss, I figured—was standing in his office. He was watching me pretty closely. When I looked at him he shifted his eyes. I could see a bar through the open door of the other room. A colored man in a white jacket was tending it. I headed for it, ordered a double Old Forester and water and went back into the main room. Something pretty exciting seemed to be going on at the crap table. Somebody having a hot run, I supposed.

I went to the table and shouldered my way to a spot at the rim. Directly across the table from me I saw what was causing the excitement—and as far as I was concerned it had nothing to do with hot runs or cold runs. The blonde standing there was exciting enough. Her shining hair was pulled straight back from her forehead and caught in the back with a scrap of ribbon. Her eyes were huge, and a deep, almost violet, blue. She'd been around, this girl—it was there in the set of her mouth. She was thirty, perhaps, or a well-lived twenty-seven. She was beautifully tanned. One shoulder strap of her sheer dress had slipped its moorings, and there was a line across her full, high breast where the tan left off and the milky whiteness began. It was not until she moved, stiffly, mechanically, to place her bet—ten blue chips, a hundred bucks—on the line that I noticed that she was quite drunk.

"New point coming out," the stick man dropped. The bets went down around the table. The blonde was the shooter.

On her second throw she sevened out. I heard someone whisper, "That must be two thousand she's blown!"

The dice went to the next player.

"A new shooter, and a good one!"

The blonde must have felt my stare. She looked at me. There were little shining lights in those great eyes. She licked her lips.

I cashed a twenty and threw a few bucks into the game as the dice made their rounds. I played the Big Six and the Big Eight, just feeling the game out, testing my luck, and my luck was good.

It wasn't long before I knew I should quit, just as I knew my name was Brad Dolan.

I pocketed five hundred and ninety-five dollars worth of chips, left a single yellow chip on the line, threw a four, and sevened out two throws later. I grinned at the blonde. She stared at me, her face expressionless. I turned and left the crap table. I was pretty sure she'd follow me. I traded my chips for six hundred and twenty bucks at the cashier's window and went to the bar.

Without looking up I could tell when the girl was standing beside me. I could smell her. She smelled good—good and expensive. I turned to her.

"Well, hello," I said.

Her voice was a little thick. "Why did you quit?"

I grinned. "You quit when you're ahead."

"You were hot. You were chicken to quit."

"I've got money in my pocket." Maybe I shouldn't have rubbed it in. "You?"

"There's plenty where mine came from!"

"It's nice to know rich girls. Let me buy you a drink, rich girl."

She was still staring at me. She nodded.

I turned to the bartender. "Give the lady what she's been drinking. Make mine Old Forester and water. And—"

"No more for the lady," a voice behind me said.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Fanchon," the bartender said.

I spun on my heels. There was the ferret-faced



I didn't have to look to know she was watching me. I could feel her eyes drilling into my head.

man I'd seen in the office earlier in the night.

"What do you mean, no more for the lady?" I said.

The girl stared at him. "Damn you, Joe!"

"You've had enough, Billy."

"I'm buying her a drink," I said.

I looked over Joe's shoulder. A couple of fairly tough looking characters—bouncers, by the looks of them—were on their way.

"Go home, Billy," Joe said.

"No!" Billy said.

"You heard the lady, pal," I said. "That's your cue. Blow!"

"Listen, mister," Joe said. "We don't want no trouble. Why don't you just hit the road, huh? Come on, now. Outside!"

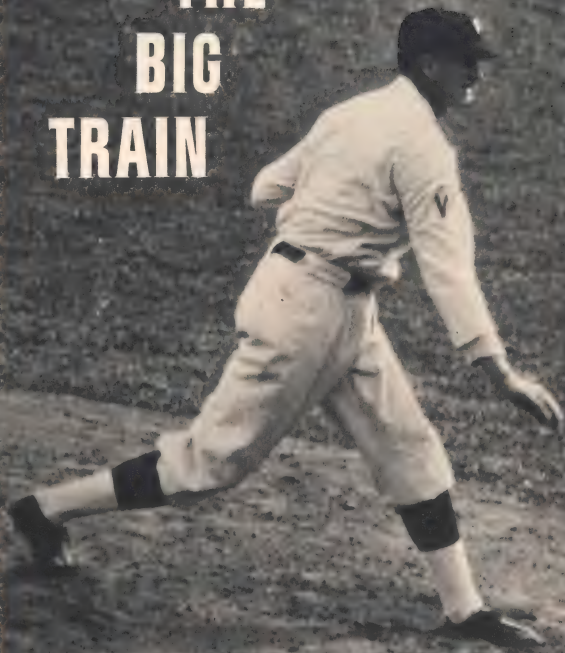
There are ways of saying and doing things. I lost my temper. Joe wasn't big enough to hit, really. So I grabbed the lapels of his coat with my left hand and lifted him off his feet and slapped him two or three times—not too hard. Then I dropped him. One of the bouncers charged me. Billy screamed. I braced my back against the bar and let this party have a hard knee in his belly. He grunted once as the wind left him and he went to the floor on all fours and stayed there gasping for breath. I had used my left knee on him—the left leg was the one with the new silver in it—and it hurt like hell.

Billy screamed, "Look out!"

The other guy was coming at me swinging a sap. I ducked and came up swinging wildly and I felt my left fist crunch against jawbone. He grunted and staggered a little, then shook his head and came back in again swinging that sap. I side-stepped him and clipped him with a right cross to the side of his head as he went by. The one on the floor was grappling for my knees now and I half fell, off balance, back against the bar. I had been awfully dumb. I had forgotten about Joe. I heard Billy scream again and that's the last thing I heard for awhile. Just as she screamed I felt something bite into the back of my skull and I tasted every filling in my teeth and then I felt the floor come up and hit me.

I opened my eyes. I was lying on a wooden bench. A big, bullet-headed man with eyes like an angry pig was standing (Continued on page 86)

THE BIG TRAIN





Aging but able, the Great Gabby in 1943 showed them how he made his DC catch.

He had nothing but a fast ball—no curve and no slider. But it was the fastest ball any human had ever thrown.

By MARSHALL LANG

► The white blur came plummeting out of the summer sky, and the man who stood at the base of the Washington Monument, some 555 feet from the top, squinted into the sun until his eyes teared. The falling blur came closer and closer, its speed accelerating with each foot it traveled. The crowd of the curious and skeptical instinctively retreated. But the man, now tapping the large glove on his left hand, now circling uncertainly within a radius of several yards, was drawn to the blur like a magnet.

Suddenly he reached up, and the blur that could have been a hot rivet disappeared into the cushion of the glove. The man seemed to lose his balance, like a comedian feigning vertigo. Then the crowd yipped its approval, and Gabby Street removed the blur from the center of the glove, so they could all see it was a white baseball, none the worse for wear after its rapid odyssey.

Street, on that day in 1908, had become the first man ever to catch a ball thrown from the crest of the Washington Monument. But he never doubted for a moment that he was equal to the task. After all, he had been catching Walter Johnson's fast balls all these years—and any man who could do that could catch a ball from the Washington Monument.

"It was nothing," Street insisted afterwards. "It was like catching a short foul, compared to Walter's pitches. When I see Walter's arm go up, my big glove is up and ready. It's too late to wait another tenth of a second. But here I had plenty of time to get set."

However, in 21 years of pitching in the American League, no batter ever got set for what Walter Johnson threw, which was probably the fastest, most blinding pitch that ever took the starch out of a professional hitter.

The pitch helped Johnson win 414 games for the

Washington Senators, an all-time record excelled only by Cy Young's 511 victories. It fanned 3,497 batters, and shut out 113 teams, records that may never be equalled. It blazed in 60 games that ended in 1-0 scores—40 that were won, 20 that were lost.

The pitch was thrown with a motion that was the essence of simplicity. Johnson just reared back and threw, with all the power behind a loose, raw-boned frame of six feet, one inch, that carried Johnson's 200 pounds.

The pitch won Walter Johnson the early nickname of the "Big Train," because it was popular to assess his fast ball at a rate of speed that exceeded a steam engine's. The pitch was the only pitch Johnson possessed—his change of pace was a fast ball thrown not so fast—but it was enough to baffle batters for two decades.

It was so dependable that on one occasion it extricated a Washington Senator scout from an extremely ticklish situation with the club's management. Joe Engel, the scout, was also a personal friend of Walter. He had been assigned the job of reporting on a young Pacific Coast League ballplayer named Paul Strand, who was racking up a magnificent record as a batter.

"See what the boy's got," Clark Griffith, the Washington president, told Joe. Engel went, watched, but was scarcely impressed with what Strand had to show.

On the other hand, one of Connie Mack's intrepid bird dogs took a few sniffs at Strand and recommended that the Athletics pay a good bundle of cash for him. They did, and Strand found himself opposing the Senators the following spring in an exhibition game.

Johnson was scheduled to pitch that day, and Engel was scheduled to go through the tortures of the damned if Strand (*Continued on page 62*)



They waited until Roman Nose's screaming braves were almost in their laps. Then,

Last stand at



50 guns boomed and the Indians went down like mowed wheat.

They were the most ragged-looking bunch of vagrants ever to call themselves cavalrymen. But they didn't begin to fight until the odds rose to 20 to 1.

By GIL PAUST

ILLUSTRATED BY GIL COHEN

► On September 18, 1868, a small company of Indian fighters camped for the night on the shore of the Arikaree branch of Colorado's Republican River. There were 54 men, each armed with a Spencer repeating rifle and a Colt revolver. They had been sent by General "Little Phil" Sheridan to avenge the massacre of 150 settlers by "Dog Soldiers" of the Cheyennes, Sioux and "Dirty Noses," as the Arapahoes were known, who were determined to turn back the white man.

Only three of the company wore uniforms of the United States Army: Colonel George "Sandy" Forsyth in command; Lieutenant Fred Beecher, who was a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher and already lamed by a wound suffered at Gettysburg; and General Bill McCall, who had been reduced to sergeant for the expedition at his own request. A fourth, in cotton shirt and buckskin trousers, was a surgeon, Dr. John Mowers. The remainder, no two dressed alike, were the roughest, toughest frontiersmen in the West—scouts, woodsmen and buffalo hunters—30 of whom had been assembled at Fort Harker and 20 at Fort Hays. They had volunteered at a salary of \$1 a day. Their guide was the veteran scout, Abner "Sharp" Grover, who had once single-handedly wiped out a band of 14 Indians after they had murdered his friend, Bill Comstock.

Before (Continued on page 76)

the Arikaree

For Lori Rogers, splashing in the

old mill pond suddenly

wasn't fun any more, and

when she pulled on her old

jeans, she found they looked ugly.



THE

STRANGE

SUMMER



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



In general, she realized she was bored with kid stuff and began thinking of new clothes, new things to do. It happens to every girl during her 19th summer. She grows up.





Someone had to pay for the killing and as the only stranger in town, it looked like that someone was me.

INTERROGATION of ROY BOND

By DAVID G. COOKE



"I want a lawyer," I said.
"I know my rights. You can't hold me without a lawyer to look out for me."

"You'll get a lawyer, punk," the fat one said. He wound up and hit me across the side of the face. "You'll get a lawyer. But first, you talk."

I didn't know how long it had been going on like that. They'd had me in that lousy chair for hours, it seemed. The fat lout with the gravy stains on his necktie and a blue-black shadow of beard on his jaws and that foul way he had of belching. Him and the quiet thin guy whose clothes hung on him like there was no body under them. They were cops. That's what they were paid to be, anyway. Deputy sheriffs, to keep the farm town clean of drunks or whatever. And I was their target for the night.

"You shouldn't ought to hit him, Sims," the thin guy named King said in that quiet voice of his. Real quiet it was, like a voice from six feet under. "He ain't a criminal, far as we know. He didn't do nothing, far as we know. We got to treat him like an honest taxpayer till we know for sure."

The fat one, Sims, brought up a burp from around his belly, blowing it out between his thick (Continued on page 52)

"Talk, punk, talk," he said, and his face was so close to mine I could smell his rotten breath.

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM BENTLEY





inside for MEN

Continued from page 27

million . . .

SHREWDIES TAKING THEIR VACATIONS ON FARMS. You can get off with a \$34 weekly bill which is PEANUTS compared to other vacations. Write: Farm Vacations and Holidays, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. . .

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JUST OFF THE GRIDDLE

PILLS THAT GIVE YOU A SUNTAN . . . A way to carry extra-dry martinis (with olives) IN A POCKET ENVELOPE . . . Mink-lined waste baskets . . . A movie camera that sets its lens automatically, also throws up a warning signal when light is insufficient . . .

Plastic snow for warm-weather skiers . . . A two-buck pocket butane blow torch. Each charge gives you 30 minutes of intense pinpoint 3500-degree flame . . .

Sweet potato chips . . . A tree that yields FIVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF APPLES . . .

A six-cylinder, 200 hp motor that runs on LIQUID GAS instead of gasoline or diesel oil . . . Textured WALLPAPER for a man's den.

FISH AND GAME GAMBITS

SOUTH CAROLINA SCARED STIFF ABOUT WILD PANTHERS RUNNING THROUGH THE STATE . . . Powerful fight put up by the BONE FISH keeps mystifying fishermen. Anglers have watched this demon take out 250 yards of monofilament line, THEN SNAP IT CLEAN . . .

It's tougher to drown in quicksand than it is in water. You can get footing if you're a swimmer. If not, when you lie still, you'll sink part way, leaving one-third of your body exposed . . . Most dis-

gusting outdoor sight of all is to watch Arctic dogs at a deer that's snowed in and can't move . . . Supposedly outlawed poison arrow is driving African game wardens batty . . . Some oddball game laws: Sheep can graze on Baldwin Hill, Los Angeles, if they chew no more than two inches from the ground. You can't OWN OR SELL an alligator in Florida less than four feet long . . .

OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD

BOOKMAKERS USING THE UNDERTAKER BUSINESS AS A COVER . . . The PRISONS IN MONACO are almost as plush as Prince Rainier's yacht. Cons get their meals from a local restaurant and prisoners share the same ocean view **AS TOURISTS DO AT \$50/DAY IN ADJACENT HOTELS . . .** Wardens amazed at how easy it is for KINSEY to get hardened criminals who never stooped on anyone to TALK FOR HOURS ABOUT THEIR SEX LIVES . . . In Vietnam, stock exchange swindlers who give out bad tips knowingly ARE GIVEN THE DEATH PENALTY . . .

Most frustrated man in the world is Harry Allen. He had to apprentice for 20 years before he could become a BRITISH HANGMAN. Now that he is one, capital punishment has been abolished, leaving him jobless . . .

SPORT BEAT

VERY FEW MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHERS TALK TO THE BATTERS, but Tommy Byrne is one. He yells, "Fast ball" or "Right Down the Pipe" usually telling the batters EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DEALING UP. This rattles rookies, but the old guys usually just chuckle and clout the ball out of the park . . .

MOST PECULIAR PART OF WILLIE MAYS' TRAINING occurs when he practices not running into fences.

The American Indians played a wild game called "Anetsa" similar to lacrosse, actually had a league and spring training. Before games, each contestant HAD TO HAVE HIS FLESH TORN WITH SPLINTERS FROM THE LEG BONES OF A TURKEY. The game began after upraised sticks were set up as goal-posts and the wounds had healed. Twelve "HOME RUNS" won a game, and it was all right to try to CRIPPLE OR KILL opposing players . . .

MOTOR MEMO

A FRENCH CITROEN GADGET THAT SOMEONE HERE OUGHT TO PICK UP: Jacking system in which you touch a button and wheels, two on one side, can be retracted clear off the ground, automatically . . . Black is back as a car color, showing up third in color preferences . . .

Legit garage men can't overemphasize how important it is to drain out anti-freeze in the summer. Leaving it in causes overheating, serious damage . . . Dealers report Continental buyers never haggle over price, look car over once, then sit down and scribble out the \$10,000 check . . .



Champagne Charlie

Continued from page 17

In his fantastic career, Charlie had suavely separated hundreds of gullible Britons from many thousands of pounds. His chief hobby was women, and those who fell headlong for the debonaire, gallant flimflammer with the upswep bristles ranged all the way from a luscious beauty queen to the daughters of a parson, a leading jockey and a Life Guards major, in that order. When the master rogue was nabbed this year for a brash, bold jewel swindle, it was his tenth conviction. Never discouraged, the resilient Champagne Charlie may have been a glorious flop as an arch-criminal, but he always had a ripping good time.

The saga of this high-living, persistent phony begins in Mandalay where he was born, the son of an Army officer, with the marathon moniker of Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson. This may have prompted him to acquire later some other fancy handles. After his parents died, the boy's uncle, Major G. E. Duckworth, promised to look after him. The incredibly patient major was to spend almost his entire fortune trying to repay the suckers his nephew fleeced.

Uncle George couldn't soothe the ruffled army, however, when at 18 young Patrick joined up as a private in 1939. Twice, Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson was put on probation for throwing lavish parties he couldn't pay for. Finally, he was jailed because he had the gall to steal an officer's uniform and pose as a captain so that he could seduce a local belle. After only nine months of service, the harassed army was delighted to get rid of him with a dishonorable discharge.

That brief army career was enough to provide the young mythomaniac—later dubbed by Dartmoor fellow-inmates as "Champagne Charlie"—with a lush military mustache, a phony D.S.O. and Military Cross, and enough other equally phony decorations to distinguish him as at least a battle-worn general.

A year later, Charlie made his first big social splash with a grand wing-ding for 60 guests at London's plush Savoy. Among them were four or five Members of Parliament, a banker, a cabinet minister, two famous actresses and a batch of minor royalty. Just how he deftly lured such a bevy of notables to a party staged by an unknown "Sir Patrick Johnson, son of Lord Manchester," remains a mystery that can be explained only by the naive upper-crust awe of a title, any title. Champagne flowed freely and Charlie had a lordly time—until the headwaiter approached him with the bill for 300 pounds. Airily, he brushed it aside.

"Don't annoy me with trifles at this moment," he said brusquely.

But the hotel manager, summoned to

the scene, was adamant. Charlie scribbled off a check to pay the bill. It bounced, and so did Charlie—right into jail for a three-year stretch.

When he was released the gay masquerader headed for a wild spree with female companions he had sorely missed behind the bars. And in wartime, there were plenty of impressionable women around who found his finely polished glamour and gallantry irresistible. At this stage, he was "Captain George Johnson."

"Confidentially," he'd whisper to them, "I'm with M15. Secret mission, y'understand." (M15 is the top secret level of British secret service.)

To make the proper impact on his women, Charlie traveled around with them in hired cars equipped with two-way radios. Every once in a while, he'd call up "headquarters" and ask, "Any message for me?" and would carry on imaginary conversations with himself.

Often, to bolster his own ego as well as to stage a show for pigeons about to be plucked, Captain Johnson took them along on visits to the Foreign Office, the Air Ministry, secret airfields, and even Scotland Yard. While the woman waited outside for her hero, Charlie would walk in and chat about the weather with sentries, military police or reception clerks. When he emerged, he'd stuff important-looking papers into a pocket and remark to his friend:

"New assignment. Very dangerous. Top secret, you know."

With this line, Charlie seduced dozens of women, became engaged to most of them (sometimes two or three in a week), borrowed or stole money from them, and then vanished. He could have gone merrily on with this technique if he hadn't overreached himself.

At that period in 1944, Rudolph Hess, the top Nazi leader who had flown to England on his "peace" mission, was being heavily guarded in a secret prison. Charlie's imaginative mind worked up an ingenious scheme which would take advantage of the popular curiosity about Hitler's strange right-hand man.

One of Charlie's current flames was a wealthy, plump Mayfair divorcee named Alicia. One night, at a corner table in a London night club, he bent close to her in great excitement.

"My dear," he said in a muffled voice, "what I tell you must not be repeated to anyone. Rudolph Hess has escaped!"

He paused dramatically. "Only I and two others in the Secret Service know about it. I have been assigned to find him as quickly as possible before he can leave the country."

Then, as Alicia listened wide-eyed, Charlie unfolded his preposterous con game.

"I've tracked down a Belgian refugee in Liverpool who knows just where Hess is hiding, waiting for a boat to take him to Spain. But the Belgian wants 5,000 pounds for his information. The government can't be placed in a position of advancing the funds—policy, you know. It would leak out; embarrassing and all that. Now, if you could lend me the funds, I would have you reimbursed after I return Hess safely to prison. You would render a great patriotic service, and after I obtain my promotion we could be married. . . ."

Smooth-talking Charlie evidently convinced the adoring Alicia. It wasn't what he said so much as his authoritative military appearance. He gave women the impression of dynamic motion even when he was at ease. His glorious mustache alone was enough to command the respect of the stoniest of Mayfair's headwaiters.

So Alicia, next day, withdrew 5,000 pounds from her bank and handed the cash to Charlie. Then she waited, day after day, week after week. No word from "Captain Johnson." Worried over the safety of her fiancée, she inquired about him at the War Office. No one there had ever heard of Captain Johnson. Herr Rudolph Hess was certainly still where he should be; he had never escaped.

In the dragnet that followed, Charlie was pulled in, picked up right out of the comfortable bed he was sharing with a newly-acquired blue-eyed "secretary." For suggesting that he was in the service of His Majesty as an M15 agent, and for obtaining funds under false pretenses, Charlie was again incarcerated, this time for five years.

Even at Dartmoor, the fabulous fraud continued his make-believe. Often he would lecture the other convicts on "my M15 work" and spin hair-raising yarns of his exploits as an undercover agent. At the time, medical examiners, seeking some insight into what made Charlie tick, concluded that he was "a hundred per cent bungum." Charlie, convict number 567, was "a poor creature guilty of the folly of self-deception and a firm believer in his own lies."

CHARLIE didn't relax while he vacated at The Moor. For leading a protest against bad food, he was deprived of tobacco privileges. But that was only a challenge for him. Soon he organized a cigarette-at-a-time racket by which he was able to obtain preferred books from the prison library for convicts in return for cigarettes. Before long, Champagne Charlie was the tobacco baron of Dartmoor.

An incurable "spy-catcher," Charlie again slipped into his counter-espionage identity after he walked out of Dartmoor in 1950. This time he was chasing Communist spies. More urbane and poised than ever, the distinguished-looking "Lieutenant Roland Jones" casually informed his female pushovers that he was heir to a huge Australian fortune.

One of his new lady friends was Ingrid, a hefty Norwegian blonde visiting London, whom he took on a mad tour of southern England in pursuit of an ephemeral "enemy agent." Charlie's bizarre

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gismo this time was that the Communists had hatched a monstrous conspiracy of forging currency. The incredible yarn was enough to pry from Ingrid 10,000 francs which Charlie contended was obviously counterfeit. For that escape, the durable con man received another five years in the jug. But all of these were dull drama compared to the caper which climaxed Champagne Charlie's weird career.

It was to be a wholly fresh—and final—start for Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson when he emerged to freedom one day in July last year. His long-suffering uncle, Major Duckworth, along with assorted other loyal relatives and friends, had formed a company to acquire the fashionable Royal Talbot Hotel at Lostwithiel in Cornwall, Charlie, assuming the name of Major Michael Woodfall, was designated as resident managing director of the hotel. No one in Cornwall presumably had any inkling of his questionable past. Surely this time, his friends believed, he would be different—he'd settle down as a respectable citizen. Such was their unbounded faith in him that he was given authority to sign checks for the hotel.

As hotel manager, Charlie was in his element, riding high, wide and handsome. He was the perfect host, and business was always brisk. Of course he still sported the ribbons of the D.S.O. and M.C., but the fantasies he wove for himself seemed harmless. The hotel guests and neighbors took it for granted that this relatively humble job as managing director of the hotel was in reality a cover for the vital secret service work at which he often hinted over a confidential whisky and soda.

Within ten days of his arrival at Lostwithiel, Charlie subscribed 100 guineas to the very social North Cornwall Hunt, spent another 100 guineas on a riding kit and bought two horses. He rode regularly to hounds, stood for drinks all around at pubs and boasted glibly of his heroic war record.

The magnificent champagne-type housewarming Charlie staged at his hotel was graced by some 200 gentry from the area. They included such bigwigs as Sir Robert Howe, former Governor of the Sudan, the Prince of Bodmen Abbey, where Charlie attended church regularly, the mayors of Bodmen and Lostwithiel. Also present—a defiant gesture symbolizing Charlie's brazen impudence—were the chaplain from Dartmoor Prison and six discreet "old lags" who had done time with Charlie. His cronies from The Moor were quite proud of him.

From Cornwall, Charlie extended his merry-making to London. There, his sumptuous parties at the Ritz, the Cafe de Paris, the Four Hundred Club and the Astor won him the rating of "Mayfair's Perfect Host."

Charlie might still be at large as a good-hearted and generous but honest hotel host if it weren't for the inevitable *femme fatale*. As always in the past, a woman triggered his doom. Now it was a 22-year-old beauty queen, statuesque Helen Hackman.

He met her one night in a London club and fell for her like a ton of bricks. Confiding to her that he was in military in-

telligence, Charlie related a grisly tale of how he'd been one of seven men who escaped from a Japanese prison camp after blood-curdling tortures, how he had single-handedly rounded up a ring of 13 Communist atomic spies. Two days later, Charlie proposed marriage.

Helen promptly signed on as his private secretary, and with her black poodle was soon bivouacked at the Royal Talbot Hotel in Lostwithiel. Many a happy hour she spent in Major Woodfall's company, driving through the countryside by day, dropping in at supper clubs by night.

To Helen, he was a perfect gentleman. As she told Scotland Yard detectives later, when disillusionment set in, "The major was a fantastic man. He named his 200-guinea hunter Helen of Troy after me. He never went out alone because he feared enemy agents. I was shocked, of course, to learn of all the other women he had tricked before."

Charlie—or rather, Major Woodfall—seemed to be serious this time about marriage. Like everything the major did, the purchase of a suitable wedding gift for his bride had to be done in style. He sent a message to the plush jewelry firm of Brody Williams & Son of Hatton Garden, and the next day Mr. Theodore Williams showed up with a dazzling display of sample jewels.

"I WOULD like to buy," said the major haughtily, "a quantity of these baubles for my forthcoming marriage."

An appointment was immediately made by the pleased Mr. Williams for the major and his fiancée to visit the firm's London shop the following day. That evening, the major—in full dress uniform replete with medals—threw a big party at the Ritz and insisted that Mr. Williams come as his guest. From the Ritz, the party spilled over to various night clubs, and at the end the major had spent some 70 guineas for entertainment.

The maneuvers that followed got a little complicated. Late the next afternoon, at the jeweler's, Major Woodfall shrewdly selected some £6,800 (about \$20,000) worth of gems. He paid for the lot with a check. Before he left, he fondly fingered a sparkling diamond and ruby brooch worth about \$1,500.

"I find this particularly appealing," said the major. "It would be quite nice if my fiancée wore it over the weekend. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Williams, smugly patting the fat check in his pocket.

The major calmly walked off with the brooch. In the morning, Williams showed up, by arrangement, at the London hotel where the major was staying. The two were to go to the major's bank where the check was to be expedited. But no one answered the phone in the major's room. Major Woodfall had disappeared. So had the diamond and ruby clip.

When an investigation was launched, there were a lot of ruby-red faces among London's upper crust—eminent citizens too friendly with the veteran con man who had lent him money they preferred not to report. As for the luscious Helen

(Continued on page 50)

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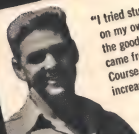
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"He may be a thief," the blonde pouted, "but he was always a gentleman about it."

(Continued from page 48)

Hackman, forlorn and bereft, she was left holding the bag, wondering who would pay her hotel bill.

Charlie, by that time, was on a boat to Ireland. In Dublin, he promptly pawned the jewel for £250 under the name of Pat Willis. Then the gay flimflammer strolled elegantly into Irish society as "Sir Patrick Murphy," colonel of the Royal Horse Artillery and former governor of the Bahamas. He also made it known that he was doing international secret work that took him to Dublin, Cork, Galway and Westport.

His pose, as usual, was faultless; throughout his career not one of his acquaintances ever saw through it. At Galway's best hotel, for instance, Charlie made friends with an American tourist. On one occasion, a page boy, taking Charlie's walking stick and bowler hat, bowed low.

"You know, old boy," Charlie (Sir Patrick now) said to his American companion, "you get respect when you have an important handle to your name like I have."

Charlie nicked the American for a fast \$1,000, handing him as security the pledge-ticket on the "priceless" jewel he had pawned.

Attending hunt balls and parties, Sir Patrick met and quickly conquered 22-year-old Katherine Hill, described as "the most beautiful colleen in Eire." With his superb hocus-pocus, Charlie soon induced her to pretend to be his wife. Several times he had bouquets sent to them, a note attached bearing variations of this sentiment:

"To Sir Patrick and Lady Murphy. With best wishes for your future, from Lord and Lady Carlton."

Working his chasing-enemy-agents dodge on his "wife," Charlie had her believing that Russian spies were using

checks to send out messages. Dutifully, Kathy handed him her checkbook. Then, for eight blissful weeks, Charlie and his latest bride had a bang-up time touring Ireland.

On Christmas Eve, Charlie decided he'd like to attend the top-hole Garrison ball of Eire's Gaelic Number One Battalion.

At the ball, "Sir Patrick Murphy" proposed an after-dinner toast. "To the great president of glorious Eire!" he announced. That was all right. But when the garrison commandant replied with a toast to the gallant Sir Patrick, his regiment and the Queen, all hell broke loose. Some of the Irish guests dashed their glasses to the floor and stalked out.

Amid the uproar that broke up the party, Sir Patrick in his headwaiter's suit sat back quietly enjoying the brawl he had sparked.

The next night, Sir Patrick and Kathy were prominent guests at the West Waterford Hunt Ball at Lismore Castle. As they danced in the full glare of the BBC television cameras, Charlie showed not the slightest self-consciousness or anxiety. The ridiculous ease with which he hoodwinked the upper echelons of society had made him arrogantly cocky. But that careless moment was his undoing. Someone from Scotland Yard, relaxing at home before his television set, recognized Charlie on the screen.

ON New Year's Eve, Sir Patrick was weekend guest at the 300-year-old stately mansion owned by Kathy's mother. The doorbell rang and in walked Detective Sergeant Leonard Burt of Scotland Yard.

Confronting Sir Patrick in the drawing room, Sergeant Burt didn't have to say much. "Come along, Charlie," was all that was necessary. Charlie sighed—and came along.

Kathy was aghast. The next 24 hours

she spent on the phone, pleading with senior government officials to obtain the release of her "special agent."

For Sergeant Burt, Charlie—had a brand-new pitch:

"Look here," he said earnestly, "I want to tell you about that silly, mad escapade with the jewel clip. I admit the false pretense charges, but—I need medical treatment, not punishment. I did it under an irresistible impulse. If I had wanted to, I could have taken the 10,000 pounds' worth of jewelry that the fellow brought down to my hotel."

Sergeant Burt shrugged. "Tell it to the court, old boy."

CHARLIE remained a debonair dandy even when he was put behind bars in Cork Bridewell. There he had chicken, steak—and champagne, of course—brought to him on silver trays from one of the leading hotels.

At the trial last March in London's Old Bailey, Charlie stood in the dock, dapper as ever as he pleaded guilty to stealing the diamond and ruby brooch. His lawyer, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, must have been inspired by Charlie to heights of oratory.

"The defendant," he told the court, "is intelligent and well-educated. He is not insane, but a psychopath with periods of insecurity and balloon-like emotional instability. The period of instability which led to the present charge was brought about by a double-cross last November. Major Woodfall had not known that his fiancée was already married, and when she wanted to break off the engagement, he got panicky."

Charlie nodded sadly at the cock-and-bull story and his lawyer continued:

"The defendant is an immature man who at times found it impossible to fit into the ordinary social scale and behave as a rational human being. It is clear that prison had no effect on him, but he has got to be controlled. I ask the Court to consider confining him to a mental institution for 12 months."

But the bewigged Mr. Justice Cassels wouldn't fall for Charlie's latest maneuver.

"You are really a danger to the community," the judge said to Charlie, because when you are free, you commit offenses with no thought of the victims of your conduct or for those who are closely related to you. I think it is in the best interests of the public that you should be kept in some form of detention for a prolonged period."

Charlie got nine years of "preventive detention"—the longest stop on his long and rocky road from Mandalay. When he heard the sentence, Major Michael Woodfall, Sir Patrick Murphy, Lt. Roland Jones and Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson clicked his heels to attention. As jaunty as ever, he lightly flicked his handlebar mustache as he left the courtroom.

Champagne Charlie was corked up—until the next time out.



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Interrogation of Roy Bond

Continued from page 44

lips. "Nuts," he growled. "The son's guilty, all right. You know it; I know it; he knows it. He killed her sure as hell. Whacked the Widder Taylor in the head with a hunk of pipe, bashed' her brains in like you slaughter a steer, scatterin' 'em all over the livin' room rug. Then he robbed her, took every damn penny she had stashed away in her flour tin."

He turned to me again. "You gonna admit it, punk, or do we have to beat your lousy head off?"

"I'm not admitting anything," I told him. "I didn't do it, that's why."

"Where'd you hide the dough?"

"I didn't take her money."

"You worked on her farm, didn't you?"

"Sure. You know that."

"How long?"

"Three months."

"You knew where she kept her dough, didn't you? You knew about the flour tin, that she was afraid of banks?"

"No. I didn't know anything."

"Couldn't you just taken her dough without killin' her? You didn't have to do that."

"I didn't kill her, I tell you. She was good to me, treated me nice. Real nice."

"And you bashed her brains in for it. Damn your hide, I'm gonna see you hang if it's the last thing I do." He drew his hand back and whacked me again. He was fast, even with all the fat on him. Fast and hard and mean. He liked to hurt people. Maybe he thought he was getting even for all the time he was called a plop of glop. All you had to do to see the meanness in him was look at those little pig eyes of his. Small, set close together, red and ugly in the whites, overlapped with heavy lids that looked like they needed props to keep them open.

"By God," I said, starting to get up from the chair. "You hit me again, and—"

"And what? You'll kill me? Like you did her? Look at her, punk," he screamed at me. "Look at her!" He grabbed my head between his clammy hands and turned me toward Mrs. Taylor, who was still stretched out on the living room floor, not even a blanket thrown over her, her house dress up over her thighs.

The sight made me sick. Her head was bashed in, right down the part in her graying hair. There was blood and brains down the side of her face, across the smooth cheek, pooling on the worn rug, sopping in a rusty reddish-brown. My stomach turned over.

"Nice, ain't it?" Sims screamed at me. "Nice sight to look at, somethin' to remember and give you nightmares and keep you awake at night."

I jerked away from him. "I didn't do it," I yelled. "Can't you see I'm telling the truth? Why would I want to kill her? I told you she was good to me."

He wiped the back of his hairy hand across his mouth, twisting his blubber lips all out of shape. And he burped again. A foul beer burp, and it smelled sour.

"Where's the dough, punk?" he asked again. "What'd you do with it, where'd you hide it?"

"You can ask all night long, and all tomorrow night too, but I didn't take it," I said.

"Where'd you hide the pipe you killed her with?"

I didn't say anything. What was the use? He kept asking the same questions over and over, and I knew that no matter how many times I answered them, he'd keep on asking. I couldn't keep it up. There wasn't any use keeping it up.

"I asked you a question, punk. You gonna answer me, or do I gotta kick it outa you?"

I didn't say anything.

He pulled his hand back to hit me again, and I winced. The way he hit, it wasn't like being slapped. His hand was too heavy, too solid, too much meat and bone. King stopped him.

"Hold it, Sims," he said quietly. "You know Hoskins don't go for that rough stuff."

"Sheriff Hoskins is an old lady," Sims growled. "He don't go for anything except a bottle of gin."

"Maybe so," King told him, "but he's still the sheriff. Maybe you don't like what he does and what he says, but he says no rough stuff, and we're not going to have any while I'm on a job. If this kid is innocent and raises a squawk, there'd be hell to pay."

"And there'll be hell to pay if we don't get the guy that bashed in the widow's brains," Sims snapped. "You can't handle killers like they was human."

"We've got courts to decide how to handle criminals," King reminded him. "It's our job to find people that break the law. It's the court's job to punish them."

"I DON'T need lessons from you. But I give me five minutes with this punk and I'll get a confession outa him."

"One that'd stand up in court? Don't be a fool."

The fat man took a step forward menacingly, his pig eyes blazing. "Don't you call me a fool. By God, I don't take that from no man."

For a moment I could almost see sparks flying between them. I think Sims hated his partner's guts almost as much as he hated mine, maybe even more. But there wasn't anything chicken about King. I had to give him that much. He just stared at Sims, his eyes cold and steady, his face just as cold, just as steady.

"Shut up," he said, his voice so quiet

you could hardly hear it. "If you're not a fool, don't act one."

Sims stood a moment, turning it over in his fat brain. He could have broken King in two with one blow of his beefy fists. But he was muscle-bound in the brains too, a crazy bull with a red flag waving in front of his eyes. King was smarter than three of him.

Sims went back and sat down. His fat lips were working, cursing to himself, but he didn't say a word. He sat down and boiled, like a volcano.

King pulled up a chair. He looked tired, a little beat, unhealthy around the eyes, like maybe he hadn't been sleeping too well, or maybe had liver trouble.

"Now, what's your name, son?"

"Roy Bond."

"All right, Roy. You know that things look bad?"

"Yeah, I know it. But I didn't kill her. That's what I've been telling you guys over and over."

"The mark of an honest man is how many times he can tell a story the same way."

SIMS grunted unpleasantly. "You don't need a badge," he said, "you need a pencil. You're hot as a philosopher."

King ignored him. "How long'd you say you worked for Mrs. Taylor?"

"Three months, about."

"Did you know her before?"

I shook my head.

"How come she gave you a job?"

"I was hitching through, going west. I was broke and figured maybe I could work out a meal. She liked the way I did things and said she could use a man and offered me the job."

"Did you plan to stay on?"

I shook my head again. "Just long enough to make a stake. She knew that."

"How much was she paying you?"

"Fifty a month, plus keep."

"Not much, was it?"

"I got along."

"How much you got left?"

"All of it. I didn't spend a nickel. It's in my wallet. You saw it when you searched me."

King leaned forward toward me, his bony shoulders poking under the cloth of his coat.

"You were here three months—and you didn't spend any money at all? That's hard to believe."

"I don't care whether you believe me or not," I said, "it's true. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I didn't have to spend money."

"What about girls? Don't you like girls?"

"Yes, I like them. But I wanted to get a stake together. I told you that."

He paused a moment, and I could see that something was stirring behind his eyes.

"You know," he finally said, "Mrs. Taylor wasn't so old. Maybe 40, 42. Not old at all; in fact, quite young. She wasn't only a nice woman, she was a good looking woman. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"So maybe you didn't have to spend money on girls. Maybe you had every-

(Continued on page 54)

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His pig eyes turned on me. Then his fist exploded in my belly, again and again.

(Continued from page 52)

thing you wanted right here. Maybe she got used to having a man around after going two years without one and sort of raised a squawk when you told her you were going to leave. Maybe she threatened to tell us—the cops, I mean—something about that that you didn't want known. Maybe that's the reason you killed her."

"No!" I said. "You're all wrong!"

"Maybe you hadn't planned to take her money at first, but then decided it wouldn't do no harm, seeing how she was dead and wouldn't need it."

"I didn't kill her, and I didn't take her money," I said, almost yelling. "I told your fat slob partner the same thing."

Sims's beady eyes narrowed and he got up from his chair, but King stopped him with a look. He went back again, grumbling.

"It won't do you no good to get wound up like that," King went on. "Take it easy, relax. You're innocent till you're proven guilty, and we're just trying to do our job. If you're conscience is clear, my questions shouldn't bother you none."

"My conscience is clear," I said. "I just don't like the way you're trying to twist things."

He sat back in the chair and crossed his legs, making himself comfortable. "Just a few more questions, Roy," he said, "that's all. Like why you were in town with Mrs. Taylor's car. Where were you going?"

"To the drug store," I said. "She wasn't feeling well and asked me to pick up some medicine."

"What kind?"

"Hell, I don't know what's in it. The druggist made the stuff up special for her."

"She phone ahead by any chance and tell him you were coming?"

"Yeah. Check if you want."

"We will. But how were you going to

pay for it, all the money you had was your own?"

"Same as I always did. Charge it. She's got an account. Had one, I mean."

"I see. But why were you in such a gobbledam rush? You must of been going 50, and you'd already passed the drugstore."

"I wanted to get back as soon as possible. Mrs. Taylor, she felt real bad. I was going to U-turn and park in front of the drugstore. That's when you pulled me over."

During all this time Sims, who'd been sitting behind King, was boiling hotter and hotter. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"You're a dirty liar," he snarled. "You were beatin' it outa town, that's what. You weren't no more gain' to the druggist than a flea's got wings. If we hadn't stopped you, you'd be 100 miles away by now. By God, I'm gonna beat the truth outa you!"

"Don't touch him," King warned, a whiplash snap to his quiet voice. "So help me, I'll report you to the attorney general if you do."

"You tryin' to threaten me?" Sims demanded.

"That's just what I'm doing. I'm threatening to shove your badge down your throat unless you lay off the rough stuff."

"Try it. Just try it!"

It was an explosive moment, like a match being struck in a powder room. One spark and Sims would have torn into King, and beat him to chopped meat with those hard fists of his.

Then the telephone rang. Tension snapped.

"I'll get it," King said. The phone was at the back of the house, in the kitchen.

Sims didn't move a muscle till King was out of the room. Then, slowly, he turned his eyes on me. He was still hot under his double chins, still hankering to work off his hate of King, still itching to

smash something. It was all written on his face so plain nobody could miss it.

And I was alone with him.

"Now I'm gonna beat the truth outa you, punk," he growled. He grabbed me by the front of my shirt before I could move and hauled me to my feet. His other hand crashed against the side of my face so hard I thought my neck would break. Then he backhanded me on the other side of the face.

"All right, punk—talk. Quick. You killed her, didn't you?"

My head was spinning and my lips were numb and sore, but I managed to tell him to go to hell.

He doubled up his fist and chopped me in the stomach. It wasn't a snapping punch, it was a solid blow, like being hit with the end of a telephone pole, and it spread liquid fire through my insides and made me yawl in pain. Before I could gasp for breath he hit me twice more in the same spot and almost ripped my guts apart.

"TALK, punk," he whispered hoarsely. "Talk!" His face was so close to mine I could smell the stink of his unhealthy fat and the sourness of his breath.

I shook my head, fighting for air. Then I knew what was going to happen. Unless I said what he wanted me to say, he was going to give me such a beating that I'd never be the same again. He'd have only a couple of minutes till King returned, but that would be enough.

"Don't hit me any more," I said weakly.

"I'll talk."

He let go my shirt, his blubber lips spreading in a satisfied smile. And I lashed out with my foot.

I kicked him in the shins as hard as I could, and he stumbled back, a look of surprise and pain flashing across his face. Then I lunged for his holster and had the gun out and was away from him again before he regained his balance. He let out a bellow and started to lunge, but I stood still and raised the muzzle of the gun.

"Don't try it," I panted at him, "or I'll blow your damn head off."

Sims' face turned the color of fresh dripping blood and his eyes bugged out like they were going to pop.

"How's it feel now, fat slob?" I taunted him. "How do you like being on the other end? Don't feel so good, does it? You're not such a hotshot now."

Then there were footsteps coming from the kitchen. King had finished on the phone. Sims turned his head and belatedly. "Watch out—he's got a gun!"

"It's all right," I said, before King got any ideas. "I'm not going to use it." I broke the gun and spilled the slugs on the floor, then threw it at Sims' feet.

"I'm sorry," I said to King as he came into the room, "but your pal was trying to kill me. That's why I took his gun."

King's face was drawn and set for a moment. Slowly it broke into a grin, then he



(Continued on page 56)



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started to laugh. "You took his gun! That's a good one." He simmered down and his face became serious again, but the laughter didn't go out of his eyes.

Sims kicked his gun out of the way with a vicious sweep of his foot, bouncing it off the wall. I'd never seen a man in more of a rage in my life, and I hoped that King would be able to stand him off.

"Just watch yourself, Sims," the thin man said in warning. "Another minute and you'll be up on assault and battery. You'll be lucky if Roy, here, don't have you arrested as it is."

"*How have me arrested?*" Sims screamed at the top of his lungs. "The rat's a lousy killer!"

"He's an innocent man," King said quietly. "That was Betty Lou Allingham on the phone. She said they're about to close the store, and if Mrs. Taylor wants her medicine tonight she'd better send for it right smart quick."

"SO what does that prove?" Sims growled. "Nobody said she didn't order no medicine. This punk sapped her after she'd phoned in, that's all."

"No, that's not all. Betty Lou said Mrs. Taylor phoned again around nine o'clock and said she wanted Roy to pick up some bread from the grocery store while he was in town. That was just about five minutes before we stopped him, and even at 50 miles an hour he couldn't be killed her and got in town that quick!"

"But even without that," he said, turning to me, "I think I would have believed you, after seeing this little business with Sims. If you'd been a killer, you could of shot both of us and beat it. You're free to go or stay, son, whichever. And I'm sorry."

I breathed in relief. I don't know when I'd ever felt better. It was like—well, I just don't know. Some things you can't put into words, and the way I felt right then I'd never be able to tell anybody, it was such a good feeling.

I said, "I think I'll go. But can I take Mrs. Taylor's car as far as the train station? I'll park it in the lot and leave the keys. I want to get out of here."

"Yeah, I guess it'll be all right," He looked at Sims. "You got any objections?"

Sims was still too shocked to say anything, but he shook his head.

It felt good to breathe fresh air again, after the smell of death in there. It was good to get away from Sims and King and Mrs. Taylor's body. As I rode into town I had an idea of going to Sims' house and waiting for him to come home and hitting him over the head with a tire iron or something. Old Lad Butt had given me a rough time, and I wanted to pay him back. But that was a silly thought, I knew I'd be able to forget him without any trouble.

Well, maybe I'd need a little bit of help, and I knew Betty Lou would give it to me. Just like she had with that phone call. I was going to pick her up and then head for California, the way we'd planned it in the first place. And I knew we'd get along right well—with the wad of money I'd hidden under the seat of the car before they'd picked me up. ***



the sun burning my back and legs, and I knew then that I'd been stripped to the skin while I lay unconscious.

I closed my eyes again, then opened them just enough so that I could peer through my lashes. I had a splitting headache. My right arm, which was folded beneath my chest, had lost all feeling, and there was taste of blood in my mouth.

I saw other Egyptian soldiers, perhaps 15 or 20 of them, on the crest of the hill; and behind and all around me I could hear still others moving about and talking. Then I saw Kurnitz, lying as he had fallen, with his head pointed downhill—except that now he, too, was naked. There was something odd about the shape of his face. It looked lumpy. Then I saw what it was and I gagged. They had mutilated him and stuffed his organs into his mouth.

Kurnitz was the only one I'd seen die. He'd been kneeling in the sand, blazing away with his Sten gun when the mortar shell had gone off in front of him and knocked him over backwards, his chest a bloody mess. After that, the last thing I remembered was Malke, our patrol leader, waving us down and yelling, "Rega! Rega!" ("Wait! Wait!") Then something had hit me on the head.

We hadn't had a chance, really; four men with Sten guns against a platoon armed with rifles, machine guns and mortars. We had left Tel-Lachmed, our kibbutz, or farm community, the day before to reconnoiter the hills near Wadi Halifa.

We'd set up camp on top of the hill instead of in defile, and had sat around talking and smoking till after dark. It had been a beautiful night, with a full moon so bright it hid the stars. The wailing of the jackals sounded like babies' cries. But some watchful Egyptian scout had seen the glowing tips of our cigarettes—visible for many miles in the clear desert night. And now . . . now I was as good as dead.

The sun blazed down. It was mid-July and 15 minutes, unprotected by clothing, in the full glare at that time of year, was enough to cook you. I had a sickening idea of what my back would look like if I had to stand motionless much longer. But I couldn't understand why they hadn't killed and mutilated me too.

I knew why they'd taken our clothes off, why they'd cut up Kurnitz. It was to frighten the rest of us into giving up the kibbutz and the land we'd redeemed from the desert. It was to make us give up the barracks we'd built, the wells we'd dug, the fields we'd tilled—now covered with their first sparse crop—to make us forget the months of back-breaking work and go somewhere else. They didn't realize that, for most of us at any rate, there was nowhere else.

Death of an Israeli Patrol

Continued from page 25

Take me, for instance: I'd lost all my family, except for my cousin Max (who'd been smart enough to leave Germany in '35) in Buchenwald and Dachau. Since I was eight years old I'd known nothing but camps—concentration camps, refugee camps, rehabilitation camps. Where could I go if the kibbutz was forced to close?

So, when we found the mutilated bodies of our friends—men and women—there was nothing to do but double our precautions, send out retaliatory raiders, and keep on with our work. Since I had been at Tel-Lachmed (almost a year) we'd lost 15 kibbutzniks in that fashion . . .

Have you ever tried staying absolutely immobile for even ten minutes? It's a refined form of torture. Your muscles cramp and begin to tremble; you itch, now in one spot, now in another; your eyes begin to water. So you can understand then what it felt like to stay in the same position from nine-thirty in the morning (about the time I regained consciousness) on into the late afternoon.

AFTER a while two Egyptians moved away from the boulder. But I still didn't dare change my position for there was no way of knowing who was behind me. My back and legs were on fire; I became feverish; wild hopes passed through my brain. Perhaps Malke or Blau had got away, were even now at the kibbutz gathering a rescue party. Perhaps the Fourth Gudet of the Palmach (the Israeli equivalent of the Rangers), which was stationed in Bir-Sheba, would send out a patrol and find me. Then, from this peak of wild hope, I would tumble down to a pit of black despair. I felt a terrible urge to jump to my feet and shout at the Egyptians.

It seemed hopeless. My death had been merely postponed. Our patrol wasn't due back at the kibbutz till the next morning. So I could expect no help from that quarter. And even after the Egyptians left, presuming they didn't discover me to be still alive before then, how was I, with my head wound, with my back and legs burned to a crisp, to walk the ten miles home?

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I heard them preparing to leave. I guessed it to be about 4:30 p.m. The one with the cast in his eye came and stood over me. Then I felt the rough leather toe of his boot slide under my belly and suddenly I was rolled over on my back. I was nearly paralyzed by fear.

The sun blinded me for a long moment, and when I could see again I saw the knife—a long, gleaming blade—in his hand. I was going to leap to my feet and do something. I didn't know what—run, attack him. . . . Then I heard someone—the officer in charge, I guess—call out

(Continued on page 58)

MEN PAST 40

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights* Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor *The Cause may be* **Glandular Dysfunction**



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This negligence can prove Tragic, resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

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something. It sounded like an order. The soldier looked at me for a moment longer, then shrugged, slipped his knife into the scabbard hanging from his belt, and left.

I waited till the sound of their marching was far away before I got to my feet. And I almost screamed in agony. My head wound opened up and I felt the blood running down my face, into my mouth and eyes, blinding me. But my back—my back felt as though it was being torn off. Half-unconscious, I fell to my knees with the hand hanging down, bleeding into the sand.

After a few minutes, when the blackness cleared away, I got slowly, gingerly, to my feet and looked around. I saw Malke first. He was sprawled on top of the hill, two bloody wounds where his ears had been. Blau I found on the other side of the hill. He was dead also, mutilated like Kurnitz. I looked around for a canteen. My mouth was a ball of cotton and tasted vile. But the Egyptians had taken everything; there wasn't even a scrap of clothing to cover my nakedness.

I almost gave up then. My head was spinning so that I didn't even know in which direction the kibbutz was. But I had come through alive so far, and again—there were Sarah and Miriam. And as long as I was alive, I could walk.

But I had one thing to do before I left: Protect the bodies of my friends from the jackals and vultures. It took me well over an hour, but finally I laid the three of them in a narrow crevasse and covered them with rocks. Then, slowly, each step a torment, I started stumbling toward the kibbutz.

ABOUT the rest of that day and night that followed I remember very little. When pain becomes too intense to be borne, Nature has a wonderful remedy: delirium. I remember looking down at my feet sometime later and being surprised to see that they were bleeding. I remember shivering violently with the cold. Nights in the desert, even in mid-July, are bitter cold. Oddly enough, however, my back and legs didn't bother me much. I was to find out later that I had third-degree burns, and I carry the reminder of those hours in the sun—scarred, twisted flesh and skin—to this day. But at the time I was in a state of shock and they just felt numb.

I remember finding some *sabra*, the prickly pear that grows wild in the desert, and sucking the juice from them. The long, sharp thorns went into my hands and lips, but I didn't even feel them.

Shortly after dawn the next morning I looked down on the most beautiful sight I've ever seen: the fields and barracks of Tel-Lachmed. Some of the kibbutzniks were just coming out of the mess hall to start the day's work. I saw Sarah and Miriam among them and tried to call out.

I weaved drunkenly downhill—feeling, in my delirium, that I could go on forever—and collapsed at the gate. The last thing I heard was Sarah's voice crying my name. The last thing I felt was the hard, sure hands of my friends as they picked me up. The nightmare was over. I was home. ***



of our ship was missing and floating away behind us.

The lumber-laden bow had snapped our radio antenna as it broke loose from the ship. We couldn't flash an SOS, though a Navy troopship, also Orient-bound, was only 65 miles away.

Sixty of us—51 crewmen and nine passengers—were at the sea's mercy. We were 700 miles northwest of Seattle, trapped in a storm howling across the Gulf of Alaska.

Beneath my perch, 20-foot-high waves slammed against the ship's steel bulkhead. Some of the water had found holes and was spilling into the *Washington Mail's* belly.

Our skipper, Captain Dudley A. Durrant, ordered the ship's engines in reverse. We began moving backwards. Now the force of the waves wasn't so great against the front bulkhead. Pumps began disgorging water swirling into one of the ship's holds. For the present the pumps could handle the water intake. The big question was: for how long?

It had been a fateful, last minute decision that had brought me aboard the *Washington Mail*.

In November last year I began reporting in daily to the seamen's union hall at Portland, Oregon. I wanted a job as an assistant cook, but nearly three months passed without any jobs opening up. My funds were running low and my shipping card was about to expire. With a new card, I'd be back at the bottom of the list again. It might be a long time before I got a job.

One morning, as I made my first shipping call, I noticed there was an officers' waiter's position open. The ship was the *Washington Mail*, bound for Japan, the Philippines and other Far Eastern points.

I NUGGED the red-faced man in front of me and he turned. "Are you going to take the job?" I asked him. He would have first crack at it.

"Nah," he answered, and turned around.

When it came my turn, I told the union agent I'd take the job. He drove me out to the pier and I got my first glimpse of the *Washington Mail*. It had a black hull and a white superstructure. It looked clean and well-kept, though it was a World War Two-built C-3.

I climbed aboard and reported to the chief steward. He issued me my uniform and I served the officers two meals that day before I returned to the hotel in Portland for my gear.

The next day the *Washington Mail* left Portland and took on a load of flour at Longview, Washington; then it steamed up the coastline to the Puget Sound cities of Tacoma and Seattle. At Tacoma, lumber was piled high on the ship's front

"Missing— 60 Feet of Ship"

Continued from page 15

deck, and at Seattle, 30 miles away, Army cargo was lowered aboard.

We had passengers, too—nine of them: a stocky civil engineer and his wife from Canada, two Catholic priests, a grain merchant and his wife, two middle-aged nurses and a tall, thin lawyer.

I didn't know it, but the *General H. B. Freeman*, a Navy troopship, was at another Seattle port. She was taking soldiers aboard for a trip to Japan, which was our first destination.

The two ships left Seattle the same day, February 29, 1956.

Captain Durrant headed the *Washington Mail* up the main channel of Puget Sound. Scores of fir-topped islands slipped past. When we reached the Gulf of Alaska, the water became choppy. On our first night out of Seattle, the *Washington Mail* began to pitch as her bow rode up and down the high waves.

I N THE mess room, I'd take the officers' orders and relay them to the pantryman behind his counter. He would ladle food on dishes and I'd carry them to the tables.

In my 20 years of seagoing, I'd been in storms before, and I thought this one would soon wear itself out. But instead, the storm became worse.

The weather dipped to freezing. Rain squalls pounded unmercifully. When the rain would stop, hail would streak down, and then there'd be snow.

Each time the ship would sink her nose down into the bottom of a wave, a wall of water would lash over the bow. It was so rough we couldn't keep a lookout at the forepeak, a station atop the ship's pointed nose. He had to remain on a wing of the bridge.

Saturday I'd finished serving lunch and was reading a magazine on my bunk. Charlie, the pantryman, was on his bunk, too. The other crewmen who shared our quarters were at work. I looked over at Charlie. He's a thin, wiry man, about 60. That's when the cracking sound swept through the ship. Two others followed it in succession.

"That sounded like an engine room explosion," I said. The ship's engines had stopped.

Charlie looked out a porthole. "Wasn't the engine room," he said. "There's lumber out in the water. I'll bet one of the deck chains broke when the deck load slipped."

Suddenly, the general alarm bell in the room began clang-clanging, signaling every crewman to head for his emergency station. My post was lifeboat number one, on the starboard side.

I got into my waiter's uniform, ran up

(Continued on page 60)

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A quick check told us one boat was still missing—the boat with the women.

(Continued from page 58)

ladders and onto the main boat deck. Then I saw the hulk of a ship going past us, headed aft. It was the *Washington Mail's* bow!

The passengers, dressed in a wide assortment of clothing, came out to the deck. "Anything wrong?" one of them asked me.

"Look over the railing," I told him. He went to the front of the superstructure and looked down. He saw the water directly beneath him.

His face was the color of a bedsheet as he walked back to me.

"Doesn't look good, does it?" he asked. "Nothing to worry about," I said. Why get the guy worried?

"Shut off the starboard boiler and get the pumps working," the skipper told the chief engineer. To the passengers, he said, "You'd better get warmer clothes on." To the crewmen, he ordered, "Get blankets in the lifeboats."

The first impact of our approaching trouble left me, and I shivered in my thin clothes. It was now cold.

It was shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon as I threaded my way back down to crew quarters. I put another pair of pants on over the ones I wore, a sweater and a topcoat. I didn't want any more clothing, because if we had to abandon ship and I fell into the water, too much weight might prove fatal.

There was no panic among the passengers and none of the crew was concerned at the time. It would be only a matter of hours before we'd have another emergency antenna installed.

Our ship—at least what there was left of it—was still coasting in reverse on its engine power.

Suddenly, someone cried out, "The bow is sinking." I rushed to the rail and looked out into the darkness.

Our bow had tipped over. As I watched, it was buried by waves.

Captain Durrant ordered a seaman to climb a kingpost, and install an antenna wire. Our radio operator, Perry Harrison, sent out his first SOS signal which was picked up by the Navy boat, which put sharply to port, and began its fight through murderous sea to rescue us.

On our derelict, everything was calm, for the moment. The rest of our ship was still intact and the pumps were able to cope with the water seeping through the front bulkhead.

Passengers stayed in their cabins. There was nothing for them to do but wait. One BR (a room steward) kept one batch of passengers enthralled with sea stories. After four o'clock, the cooks and I went down into the galley and prepared cold cuts, sandwiches and coffee for everyone.

We knew the *General Freeman* was enroute from the north, but we didn't know how long the shorted *Washington Mail* could withstand the ocean's battering force.

Captain Robert Fulton, skipper of the *General Freeman*, had to calculate the

drift of our boat since we were headed backwards and unable to control our direction. The *General Freeman*, bound for us at 18 knots, probably would reach us about seven P.M.

Trouble loomed big for us, however, a half-hour before that time. Seawater was pouring through our steel bulkhead in such quantities our pumps were becoming useless. If the *Freeman* didn't reach us in time, we would sink. Simple as that.

Captain Durrant ordered the engines stopped. Now that we had no pull through the water, our ship bobbed around as if it were a cork. We weren't going anywhere through the black night, except where the ocean wanted to push us.

A voice suddenly sparked our dismal spirit: "Lights!" it called out.

OFF our port side, I saw ship lights twinkling in the distance. The *General Freeman* had arrived and was closing the gap between us.

I glanced down at the wild sea beneath us, and my heart quickened. The waves were higher, their crests boiled into a gleaming whiteness. It seemed as if each wave was trying to top the next.

The *General Freeman* broke the storm-whipped waters and pulled to a half-mile windward of our sinking ship.

Captain Durrant ordered all passengers and half our crew into the number two lifeboat. It was on our lee side, opposite the storm's direction.

I remained at the number one boat, my legs braced on the deck as the wind, rain and snow hit me.

Women were lifted into the number two boat, then the men and sailors got inside it. The boat was swung off its davits and lowered down into the frothing ocean.

"Number one boat away!" Captain Durrant called out.

The rest of us aboard the *Washington Mail* piled into the lifeboat.

As soon as our boat touched water, Captain Durrant ordered her away from

the *Washington Mail*. Any second a tremendous wave could pick our little boat up and smash it against the side of the *Washington Mail*.

Huge waves battered our little boat, and soaked us. It was more like a roller coaster ride as we charged down into the bottom of a swell, and then rode straight up "towards the crest."

"Can anyone see the other life boat?" Captain Durrant shouted above the screaming wind. Several of us looked to one side but we couldn't see a thing, just a wall of sea water.

I turned around once, and at the top of a wave I saw the *Washington Mail* behind us. She had tipped over and was resting on one side in the water. Then she up-ended and gurgled down into the sea.

Ahead, the *General Freeman* had all her searchlights turned on. Their white rays fell across the water.

Our lifeboat crept in closer to the Navy troopship. A wave's crest would carry us up to within five feet of the railing. Then, when we'd drop into the bottom of a swell, it would seem the deck above was a million miles away.

Sailors aboard the *General Freeman* had dropped a Jacobs ladder and cargo nets down her side. Whenever our lifeboat would get in close to the troopship's side, several of our crewmen would grab cargo nets and scramble up to safety.

More ropes had been lowered to us. Each one had a big noose fashioned at one end. The wind carried one of the ropes towards me and I caught it, slipped the noose over my shoulders and tightened it around my chest beneath the armpits. I was carried up the side of the ship, and over the railing.

Those of us who had reached the *General Freeman* were concerned about the passengers and crewmen still in the lifeboat that had been first lowered from the *Washington Mail*.

"She's coming," someone said. "I just saw someone with a flashlight."

We scanned the ocean and dark night in front of us. Suddenly, there was a flashlight's beam. Another one. Then a third one.

When the lifeboat nudged up close to the *Freeman*, sailors dropped baskets. Women in the lifeboat were helped into the baskets, then hauled into the troopship.

One lifeboat passenger, John Kodozenski, wasn't so lucky. He was lifted 30 feet up in a sling when it broke. His body plummeted back down into the water. As he rose with a high wave, a sailor held out a ten-foot-long cargo hook and he was helped into the lifeboat.

A rope was lowered down to him and he caught it, securing it around his body. Then he was pulled up.

When all of us had been rescued, we were taken to the medical ward.

As I drank spiked coffee, a *Freeman* sailor, standing next to me, said with a wide grin, "Sure glad to have you aboard."

I turned to him and said, "Mister, I'm sure glad to be aboard." ***





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showed the earmarks of a "phenom" against the Senators.

With the stage thus set for a difficult afternoon for Engel, the scout meandered over to Johnson before the game.

"I told Griff this kid didn't have it," said Joe, "but I'd like you to prove it today. Could you throw him a few of those fast balls for me, Walter?"

"I'll see what I can do," the Big Train promised.

By the time the ninth inning rolled around, Strand had been a strikeout victim three times, and Joe Engel had established a job security with the Washington club that was beyond his wildest dreams. The pitch had done its duty again.

Walter Johnson's big pitch was a joy to behold—if you weren't facing it. The pitch was a colorful product. But Walter wasn't. He was an early-to-bed, early-to-rise easy-going guy who managed never to fight with an umpire or get himself thrown out of any of the 802 ball games in which he pitched. He was never fined; he never cursed. He was, in a very real sense, the American League's Christy Mathewson—a mild-mannered, quiet, decent, well-conditioned athlete, who loved his chosen profession, felt a deep sense of gratitude toward the public, and never stopped trying to win.

Unlike Mathewson, who had the good fortune to hurl for a team that was seldom out of the first division, Johnson labored in an atmosphere of mediocrity. In 15 of his 21 years with the Senators, the team foundered in the second division. It was only in the true twilight of his career that Johnson had the joy of pitching for a pennant winner, and in a World Series. Then it was almost too late. But not quite—for with the big right-hander's most cherished ambition at last realized, the authentic drama that had been missing for so long from Walter's career intruded to make the 1924 World Series one of the most memorable ever played.

When the chance came finally for Walter Perry Johnson and the Senators, in 1924, an entire baseball world rooted, if not for the Senators, at least for Walter.

And when Walter's aging right arm lasted through four innings of relief in the seventh game, as the Senators won, 4-3, in 12 innings, Johnson had registered the sweetest victory of his life.

At the advanced baseball age of 37 he had withstood the constant extra-inning threats of John McGraw's New York Giants. For just long enough Johnson was so heroic, a city went completely berserk. The spontaneity of joy, and unrestrained enthusiasm that swept Washington after

The Big Train

Continued from page 37

25 Series-less years, was the equal of the celebration that greeted Bobby Thompson's home run for the Giants 27 years later. Sedate Senators competed with shoeshine boys in this madness. Crowds milled in Pennsylvania Avenue, but there was no inauguration going on there. The Senators—and Walter—had won at last, and wasn't that enough to yell about, at least until daybreak the following day?

Even the President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge, broke his calm with a statement congratulating the victors, above all the great Walter Johnson.

Johnson, born in Humboldt, Kansas, in November, 1887, never had a baseball in his broad palm until he was 14 years old. By then his family had moved to the oil fields of Fullerton, California. It was there that young Walter took up pitching in high school, and later while he attended business college at Santa Ana.

WHEN he was 18, practically at his full growth, Walter signed his first pro contract with Tacoma of the Northwest League. Then he traveled to Idaho, where he pitched for a semi-pro team in the town of Weiser. He pitched one game a week, and on holidays, for \$100 a month, and seemed to be quite satisfied with his lot, even when a scout for the New York Giants came around and tried to sign him up. The Giants, who trained in California in those days, had heard of a string of 86 scoreless innings that Johnson had put together for Weiser, and this was impressive in any man's league.

But Walter was unimpressed with the Giants and the big leagues. "I didn't know anything about the Giants," he reminisced about the incident years later, "and I was afraid they might drop me off in the sticks somewhere without the price of a return ticket. So I wasn't interested in their offers."

While his reputation as a strikeout king spread throughout the mining communities of the Northwest, the mild-mannered Walter married Hazel Roberts, the daughter of a Nevada congressman. He had a ginger ale marriage, and Walter resumed his pitching for Weiser. In 1907 Cliff Blankenship, a Washington catcher who was on the injured list, went west to scout Johnson, and refused to go home without Walter's name on a contract.

"I was suspicious of those city fellows at the time," Walter told a reporter, "so I made them agree to pay my expenses both ways before I'd come along."

The lanky, blond Swede arrived in Washington, D.C., in July, 1907, card-

board suitcase in hand and wristbones jutting out of his coat sleeves. He never left.

He was only 19 when he faced the Detroit Tigers in August, 1907, and lost, 3-2, though he gave up only six hits to a crew that included the fearsome Ty Cobb and Wahoo Sam Crawford.

From 1910 through 1919 Johnson's tremendous speed pleased nobody but the fans and the Washington management. In one stretch in 1910 he captured 14 in a row; in another in 1912 he took 16 in a row. In 1912 and 1913 he won 32 and 36 games respectively, and each year the Senators finished second. In 1913 he pitched 56 consecutive scoreless innings. In 1909, within the space of four days, he shut out the Yankees three times!

The letters that the good citizens of Idaho had once written to Griffith, extolling Johnson, were obviously not exaggerated. One that Blankenship carried with him the week he signed Walter, for \$100 cash and a promise of \$300 a month thereafter, was as close to the truth as any report that was ever made subsequently on Johnson's talent.

"This fellow has a pitch faster than Amos Rusie," said the note. "His control's better than Mathewson's. He throws so fast it's impossible to see the ball. But he knows exactly where he's throwing, because if he didn't there'd be dead bodies all over the state of Idaho . . ."

Johnson became the idol of America's youngsters, and as far as wily Clark Griffith was concerned, he was willing to reward the swift farmer with almost anything—except money. One year—the year he blanked the Yankees three times in 96 hours—Johnson pulled down the sum of \$2,700. He pitched 25 victories in 1910 for \$4,500, then managed to worm a three-year contract for \$7,000 a season out of Griff, who had nothing else to recommend the Washington ball park as a place of entertainment.

In 1914, Griff woke up one morning to find that Johnson—loyal, humble Johnson—was threatening to bolt to the newly-formed Federal League. It was a matter of \$10,000. Johnson informed Griff, and if Griff could see himself clear to raising that amount he'd stay with Washington instead of jumping to the new Chicago club on the North Side.

CHARLIE COMISKEY, who owned the Chicago White Sox, got up the ten grand for Griff, when Griff reminded him that he wouldn't want another club in the same town featuring Johnson as a drawing card.

From 1920 through 1923, Johnson failed to win his usual 20 games, and there were some suspicions that his strong right arm was ailing. But in 1924, with 27-year-old Bucky Harris, the kid second baseman, as manager, the Senators rose to new heights—their first American League pennant. And Walter's 23-7 record paid the triumph.

It was then, of course, that Johnson made such pleasant history in the seven-game set with the Giants. Though the Giants lashed Walter for 14 hits to win the opener, 4-3, in 12 innings, and belted him again, 6-2, in the fifth game, it remained for Johnson to contribute his

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gutt performance in the seventh and deciding game at Washington. "There was a prayer on every pitch," wrote Bill Corum for the *New York Times*, "but there was something else on them, too." Washington repeated for the pennant in 1925, as Walter won 20 and again lost 7. Facing the Pittsburgh Pirates in the World Series, Johnson reversed his form of the previous year and won the first game, 4-1, and the fourth, 4-0. The veteran had yielded only one run, and 11 hits in 18 innings, and the Nats looked like winners. Then the roof fell in on Washington. They dropped the next two games, and once again found themselves in a seventh game.

Johnson, naturally, was ready to come back, but this time the fates were against him and his stout heart. The day of the final game was cold, and foggy, and the game itself was actually played in a steady downpour. Nobody will ever know what the pitcher would have done on a nice day, especially with the four-run first inning lead the Senators staked him to.

He couldn't hold onto that, or a 6-3 lead he had by the fifth. In the seventh the Pirates bombed Walter for two runs, and in the eighth they got three more. It was a pity, but not for the 42,000 Pittsburgh fans who subjected themselves to the dreadful elements to see Bucky Harris go all the way with his tired, worn hurler.

WHEN it was over, the Pirates had won the world title. And Ban Johnson, President of the American League, furious that Harris had blown a 3-1 advantage in games, wired the down-cast "boy wonder" of 1924: "You sacrificed a world's championship, which the American League should have won, to maudlin sentiment." The rap was directed at Harris' refusal to lift Walter in the closing innings of the last game, or even when the Nats had garnered their big lead.

But Bucky was adamant and is still so to this day.

"If I had to do it over again, I still would have stuck with old Barney," (another pet name for Johnson) he said. "With all the chips down, and on such a day, I still would rather have gambled with Johnson than any other pitcher on the staff."

A few years later, when Walter had closed out his active pitching career, he knew what Bucky was up against, for he, too, had entered the managerial ranks. He had four years at the helm in Washington, then a bit over two in Cleveland. He never won, but his teams usually were contenders. The chief misfortune was that they didn't have Walter to pitch for them.

When Walter died in 1946, a whole new generation of fans, none of whom had seen his great pitch, still were told the story of the day in 1924 when the crowd in Washington screamed "We want Johnson," and how he came in from the bullpen and beat the Giants—for his one and only World Series triumph.

But it was a big triumph. And he did it on nothing but heart and desire. For by that time the incomparable blaze ball was just a memory. ***



the titular head of our detail was confused. We had no more business in that country than a band wagon on top of Old Smoky.

For reasons known only to the Navy, I'd been called to the bridge of the U.S.S. *Arkansas* a month earlier and told I was being transferred to Dakar, down-coast a piece. Important assignment. So important nobody knew a thing about it, least of all me.

Seven days and a couple of thousand air miles later, I'd gladly have taken a bust in rate to be back aboard the senescent lady with the 14-inchers. Operation Whatchamacallit, the new assignment, was so damned secret that it bypassed civilization entirely. Except for occasional stops for fuel and feed, we saw nothing but air and then, after that, only the bright, warm sands of French Equatorial Africa.

Two fleet CRM's, two British sergeant majors, one master sergeant and Looney Potts comprised our detail. Nice guys but to be perfectly frank about it, had I been able to palaver Ubangi or whatever the Middle Congo lingo is, I'd have damned sure hit for the nearest hill and kept going.

To add insult to tragedy, when we did finally land at Brazzaville, De Gaulle's Free French Headquarters, we were not driven to the modern city we'd seen from the plane. Instead, we were herded aboard a truck and promptly taxied to a nothing place between Loango and Pointe Noire, and there went to work. We'd been there a while setting up equipment when Potts came in with more palpating news: We ride again. Brace yourselves, gentlemen, said he, a ride across darkest Africa.

Needless to say, by the time we arrived at Nairobi, Lieutenant Potts had a small war of his own festering under his nose. Either liberty once in a while, or a crack at some Nazis. Anything but the awful boredom that comes of isolation. That was the nature of our ultimatum to Potts, and he took the cue.

Despite himself, Potts made a case of our plight with the result that we were given immediate liberty and a lorry to make it in. That same afternoon in the Norfolk Bar we toasted the leader of men until he passed out.

Byron Taylor, the other chief radioman, conned me out of the bar for a tour of Nairobi. We got as far as a haberdasher and bought two safari hats. There weren't any SP's around so it became a plain case of enjoying ourselves. We strolled along Delamere Avenue and

The Nairobi Affair

Continued from page 19

eventually came to the post office, where we bought picture postcards of Wakambas and stared at colony women. After a bit we retraced our course to the Norfolk but the other four guys had taken off on their own. There we met Hazlett.

"Would you mind telling me something, mister," Taylor said, almost bawling into his scotch. "Where do you guys keep your lions?"

"Out there," Hazlett grinned, jerking his thumb.

"The vast beyond?" I grinned.

"Uh huh! Vast and more vast!" Hazlett smiled.

"Buy me one!" Taylor grunted, calling the guy for another round. "Tell me all about the lions!"

Well, one thing and another we sat in Norfolk Bar until Hazlett suggested dinner at his home. He had a son flying Lancaster bombers over Holland, so I guess that explained his interest. His gun collection and trophies were more than Taylor and I could stand, and I guess he sensed that, too.

"PRECIOUS little hunting these days.

The war you know. Game control but only by a certain few and when absolutely necessary. A pity—"

"Can't it be finagled?" Taylor said.

"I doubt it," Hazlett said ruefully.

"For sure?" I asked.

"I believe so, unfortunately," Hazlett said, dropping the subject.

But at 2:30 we'd left Hazlett's home for the barracks, Hazlett driving a loaded pickup. At 3:30 Taylor and I stopped off at the barracks, grabbed a few clothes, left a terse note under the looney's door and took off again. In the prosaic sense of the word *safari* it was no safari. Just three men, guns, camping equipment and, as far as I know, no legal permits for any of us. We drove 80 miles to the Konza turnoff, then cut west toward Magadi.

"Y'know," Taylor said several days during the morning ride, "I'd give anything to see the look on that Potts' face when he reads the note."

"What did you write?" Hazlett grinned.

"Hold up war a while. Going lion hunting. Love and kisses," I said.

Hazlett didn't say much then but we knew what he must have been thinking. Something along the order of I hope these boys aren't disappointed. He probably thought of us and his own son, and linked the two somehow.

Taylor and I got our Africa in a big lump that next morning. The thatched

(Continued on page 66)

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houses of the Kikuyu disappeared as we traveled West. The land became sparse and rolling, punctuated occasionally by isolated *shambas* and stray cattle. We drove until three that afternoon and set up camp on the veld near a spring. Our position was a little southwest of Lake Natron and cool because of the lake.

In a sense, I knew as much about Byron Taylor as I did Hazlett, which wasn't much. We were the same race, CRM, and approximately the same age, Taylor maybe a few months older. Taylor was a tall, easy-going kid, full of hell and any kind of liquor he could lay his hands on. His home was San Diego and his last ship, the cruiser *Philadelphia*.

Hazlett was a Nairobi businessman who looked like maybe he was out of place in conventional clothes. I had no idea whether he knew anything about lions but from the way he spoke, I figured we were reasonably safe. He was a medium-size gent, about 170 pounds with light gray eyes and a scar over his right temple. He never explained the scar and I never asked. He was British, and he smoked a pipe. That's absolutely all I knew about him.

Late that afternoon we climbed in the pickup truck again and drove slowly across the veld. It was cool, muggy cool and we rode in silence. We rolled to the top of a long grade several miles from

camp when Hazlett suddenly braked the truck.

I checked the Magnum he'd given me and Taylor worked the bolt on his. Then we climbed out of the truck and began walking down the glade. I was very hot after a while. My ankles hurt from the sharp grass. Taylor didn't mind, though. He said he came from a part of Diego where they never wore shoes. He went ahead into the high grass with Hazlett.

The grade was long and gradual, the tall grass sweeping back toward us cutting into the softness of the dungarees. At the bottom there were acacia trees and low boulders and sand, the land rising up again onto a new plain. I heard Hazlett grunt and I looked up and both men were stopped. They were about ten yards ahead looking in the direction of a lone tree.

"Your lions," I heard Hazlett say, and I saw Taylor leave him and walk ahead.

I SAW the lioness and the tawny form to her rear hugging the grass. They were feeding. I didn't know which to take and I didn't risk calling to Taylor. I saw the lioness pick up her head, rolling it curiously to one side, tail twitching. Taylor was almost in a direct line with her.

Taylor's first shot boomed off in my ear and I saw the lioness double up in 40 yards and scream wildly, twisting, bunching herself for a second charge which never materialized because Taylor's piece thundered again and he tore her head half off.

I checked myself as the mate cut a wide swath in the tall grass. I could see only the top of his back. I did not shoot. I stood there, hot and cold chills raging down my shirt, watching until the vague form disappeared in the gully. Then I heard the long and challenging invitation roaring up to me, but I did not accept. Instead, I wiped the sweat from my hands and joined Hazlett and Taylor inspecting the lioness.

We had a fair feed that night and Hazlett and I drank to Taylor, and Taylor kept saying wasn't it remarkable the things guys could do even with a war going on somewhere. On the face of it, a good time was had—but not by me. The roar of the mate kept rumbling in my brain and I kept seeing that long, tapering shadow racing through the grass, away, then inviting me to take him on his own grounds.

I wanted to stick with the party but I guess I didn't have the heart for it. I told them I hadn't shot because I was afraid I'd wound the lion. I don't know whether they believed me but they said it wasn't important, not as long as Taylor had vindicated the hunt. I sat at the fire drinking scotch and trying to make lion palaver but after a while I gave up. Everything I said sounded like an excuse.

There were three cots in the tent and I flopped out on the first, scotched enough to doze. I kept thinking about the lion and rationalizing my inadequacy until, at length, I fell asleep.

The muted roar of the lion wafting over the veld woke me, and I reached under the cot for the cigarettes. Sometimes the head was turned away, sometimes toward me. But always it roared, and I knew why. When I couldn't take it any longer, I eased out of the tent and made some coffee and sat on the fender of the pickup watching the sky, remembering my fear.

I listened to the last night sounds and thought put up or shut up. Kill or be killed. You or the lion. But if you don't take the lion, if you run away, the thing stays with you and burns into your brain and the word for it isn't nice. I listened to thunder on the veld and heard the hyenas talking and suddenly behind me, I heard Taylor and Hazlett.

It was a cold morning and no matter how much coffee I poured into myself, I was still cold. Taylor and Hazlett tried not to notice but I'm sure they did.

"Perfect day," Hazlett said matter of factly. "Sure you don't want an egg?"

"Chow down! Can't hunt lions on an empty stomach!" Taylor grinned.

I don't remember what I said, or if I said anything. I felt my dungaree shirt sticking to my back and I wanted to shove my hands in a pocket. I put down the coffee and walked to the truck, waiting for them, listening to the lion call me.

We drove to the head of the gully where Taylor had killed the lioness and I got out. Purple morning. I went alone, walking slowly through the brown grass down-



out and shut him up.

hill to the sand bottom. Once I heard him. I stopped. I wiped my hands on my pants legs, checked the gun, swallowed a bitter taste.

I stubbed my toe on a boulder and winced and stood there in the twigs and sand, listening to the scream of tick birds plaguing a monkey. It was darker in the drain but it was light enough. I heard nothing.

It was a long gully that bore around to the left, perhaps a dozen feet wide and high and sloping at the sides. The air was cooler as I walked. Twenty yards ahead of the bend, I stopped again and brought the gun up, then walked again.

WHEN I made the turn I saw the scrub, and rising from it, the open end of the gully. Something flicked ahead to my left, roaring once, filling the gully and the air both.

I shot once and fell backward, the gun wrenching around as the wind arched behind me. I saw the profile close enough to touch him with the barrel, the first shot breaking his right shoulder. I saw the blood welling out of a hole as he raged past me, twisting, claws raking the air and just missing me—just.

My second shot broke his neck as he staggered up for the follow through. Then I lay back on the slanting glade and watched him die, the nose twitching under a rush of blood and the eyes blinking disbelievably. I felt the gun slipping from my hands into the sand but I couldn't pick it up.

I lay there soaked, raging with the same hot and cold chills, shaking uncontrollably as I stared at the lion that had called me. I watched the sight pass from his glazed eyes and when I knew he was dead I crawled the four yards on my hands and knees and touched him.

I sat beside the lion under the hill of tall grass until Taylor and Hazlett came down and got me. I don't know how much later—five minutes—five hours. I don't know.

I took no trophies of that hunt, nor did I hate the lion I killed. Except for the fact that I had proved something to myself, I wasn't especially proud. I figured had I been the lion and someone wrecked my life, I'd have looked for a showdown, too. That's not the kind of thing for a hunter to say but I say it, and I don't give a hoot what you think.

Two days later, I said goodbye to Hazlett at the barracks and Taylor and I got read off something fierce by Lieutenant Potts. He'd held up a flight to Dakar by way of Brazzaville for us. Didn't we know there was a war going on, he kept asking. That's about all he said except did we have any scotch in our foot lockers.

I never saw Hazlett again after that last morning. And after we reached Dakar I never saw Taylor again, either. At Dakar I drew a transfer to sub base, New London, Connecticut.

The rest of the war was a breeze. ***

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Andrews' Suicide Raid

Continued from page 13

raiders moved off into the rainy void.

Andrews followed, and through the long hours of the night of April 7, 1862, he carefully recalled the things that had led up to the daring plan.

General Mitchell, a West Pointer and chief engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad before the war, had been approached by Andrews and had quickly grasped the significance of what he had proposed.

Huddled over a map table, under a flickering kerosene lamp in Mitchell's field tent, Andrews had traced a line with his finger, where the Georgia State Railroad ran from Atlanta to Chattanooga, a military lifeline that linked the separated Rebel armies of Generals Robert E. Lee and Joseph Johnston.

"If you strike south to Huntsville," Andrews had said in his low, sincere voice, "you could burn the railroad bridges between Atlanta and Chattanooga and that would divide the South."

"How do you propose to do it, Andrews?" Mitchell had said, his voice tense with excitement.

"Give me a band of good men and I'll steal a locomotive at Big Shanty. I'll run it clear back up the line to meet your army as it strikes south."

Andrew and Mitchell looked evenly into each other's eyes. The Union army commander suddenly smiled and gripped the hand of the Yankee spy.

"When do you wish to leave?" he said quickly.

"Tomorrow night."

Andrews' raiders slipped across the

flood-swollen Tennessee River on the morning of Friday, April 11, and cautiously entered Chattanooga. The rains had delayed them a full day. Everywhere they found confusion. Mitchell's army had struck at Huntsville on schedule, capturing 15 locomotives and 80 cars.

Knowing that the general would be expecting them to arrive on the stolen locomotive even now, Andrews and his little band boarded the southbound train for Atlanta and settled down in their seats among the Confederate soldiers and civilians crowded aboard the train.

Near midnight, the train ground to a halt at Marietta. Andrews' party got off and went casually to a nearby hotel, taking rooms for the night. Behind locked doors, Andrews gave them a final briefing.

During that meeting, Andrews studied his men closely. There were John Porter and Martin Hawkins, an experienced engineer. Andrews had two other hand-picked engineers—Wilson Brown and William Knight.

THE rest were Union troops, except William Campbell, who had joined the raid for the hell of it. Four were from the Ohio Second Infantry: Sergeant Major Marion A. Ross, and Privates William Pittinger, Perry Shadrack and George Wilson.

Six were from the 21st Ohio: Sergeants John M. Scott and Elihu H. Mason, and Privates William Bensinger, Robert Bufum, John A. Wilson and Mark Wood. The 33rd Ohio had supplied Corporals William H. Reddick and Daniel Dorsey

and Privates Jacob Parrott, Samuel Robertson, Samuel Slavens and John Wollam.

In each man, Andrews saw an adventurous spirit burning, fanned by the thought of racing through the South aboard a stolen locomotive to join Mitchell's army.

A light drizzle fell the next morning as Andrews' men walked to the Marietta station and casually mingled with the other passengers waiting for the train from Atlanta. It soon chugged into view. Andrews saw that the engine was the *General*, a piece of machinery of wide reputation that pulled a tender, three box cars and a string of coaches.

Andrews led his men aboard, then learned Hawkins and Porter were not with the party; they'd overslept!

Exasperated, Andrews cursed his luck, but he still had two good engineers in Knight and Brown. As the train picked up speed and rolled northward, Andrews noticed a pretty young Southern belle he had once met in Atlanta sitting across the aisle from him. The handsome Yankee spy avoided her glances. The last thing in the world he wanted was to be recognized by anyone he had met during his contraband-running ventures.

Soon the conductor, a youthful Southerner named William A. Fuller, passed through the coaches calling: "Big Shanty! Twenty minutes for breakfast!"

Andrews sat still as the other passengers rose to leave the train. His men and a few passengers followed suit, idly looking out the windows as the train emptied.

Now the crowd of passengers was entering the long building which gave Big Shanty its name. Then Andrews leisurely stood up and stretched. It was a signal for Knight to follow him.

Together, they stepped from the train on the side away from the station platform and moved slowly forward to the big engine. From the corner of his eye, Andrews saw a large Rebel troop camp bivouacked next to the tracks.

There was no one in the engine cab. Engineer and fireman had joined the breakfast party. After all, what was there to fear at Big Shanty?

Andrews and Knight turned and sauntered back along the tracks. They passed the three box cars and saw they were empty, no doubt to pick up bacon and other provisions for the Rebels at Atlanta.

"Uncouple here and wait for me," Andrews said softly. He turned and walked to the first coach, where the other raiders sat tensely waiting for action. Opening the door to the car, Andrews stepped inside and said casually, "Come on, boys. It's time to go now."

As they passed Knight, the engineer pulled out the coupling pin and laid it on the draw bar, then moved up to the engine. Brown, the other engineer, and Wilson, his fireman, hurried after Knight. The others silently climbed into the last empty box car.

Andrews suddenly sucked in his breath as a sentry reached for his rifle hesitantly. "Let's go!" he said hoarsely. Knight quickly opened the valve, and with a lurch the giant locomotive leaped forward.

In a second the wheels made traction, and the historic flight of the stolen loco-



motive began. It was a moment of triumph for Andrews as the train shot off from Big Shanty, leaving the soldiers and the station crowd staring open-mouthed.

In the rear box car, the 18 others secreted themselves to form a surprise element should the train be ambushed. Armed with heavy pistols, they were a formidable fighting team.

The first burst of speed was followed by an alarming deceleration, less than a mile up the track. In their excitement, the engineers had neglected to open the draught doors. The fire had almost gone out.

While Brown, Wilson and Knight poured oil on the fire to restart it, Andrews sent John Scott shinning up a telegraph pole to cut wires. Now no message could be sent ahead from Big Shanty.

The train moved once more. As it picked up speed, Andrews peered anxiously ahead, through the drizzling rain. A southbound freight was due soon, on an uncertain schedule. Two other southbound passenger trains were on their way from Chattanooga by now, but Andrews knew their schedules. He could pass them at station sidings.

It would take at least an hour for a horseman to race from Big Shanty back to Marietta and telegraph to Atlanta for a pursuit engine, Andrews knew. In that time, they'd be miles on their way, with bridges burning brightly behind them.

The first engine to the north would be at Kingston, 30 miles distant. They'd be safely past that station by the time anyone could be alerted.

Knight ordered a red flag hung from the rear car, a signal that another train was coming.

ANDREWS' eyes flashed excitedly as he gave orders to his men not to hurry. A speed of 16 miles an hour would do. "No sense in getting people excited or causing an accident."

Up the tracks, Andrews saw the big Etowah River bridge loom up. With a shock, he saw a smoking locomotive idling on a spur leading up to the Etowah Iron Works. It would be folly to stop and try to fire the bridge, because of this, and besides, it was thoroughly rain-soaked.

Slowly, Knight moved the General over the bridge and past the spur, waving at the other engineer as he passed.

Soon the raiders came to Cass Station, a refueling point. They'd have to stop and take on wood and water. Andrews was ready with a fictitious story to put the station manager at ease. "Emergency train," he said abruptly. "General Beauregard needs powder in a hurry."

Andrews' commanding manner and the logic of his statement cleared any doubt that Andrews was not working for the Rebel cause. Quickly they refueled and shot off again for Kingston.

There, the raiders found their first trouble waiting. A branch track from Rome connected at Kingston, and the morning Rome train was waiting for the Atlanta special. The Chattanooga freight hadn't appeared yet, and Andrews began to feel trapped. He ordered Knight to pull to a siding.

The engineer of the Rome train came

Saemen!

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handkerchief to his mouth, he drove the Texas into the inferno and felt the engine crash into the blazing car. Slowly, with wheels spinning, the Texas forced the car across the bridge and off onto a siding.

Now Andrews knew it was too late to fire the other bridges. He made a quick decision to abandon the General and take to the woods, scattering and returning to Union lines as they had come.

Then, one by one, they dove from the General into the brambles along the track and hid in the thickets to watch the Texas close in on the abandoned locomotive.

It was the end of a glorious adventure, and the shattering of a grand dream for Andrews.

But more was to come. Quickly the countryside was overrun by Johnny Rebs, cavalrymen and slave-hunters with dreaded bloodhounds.

The baying beasts quickly ran down Campbell, Slavens and Shadrack, and then Parrott and Robinson were captured.

To learn who was their leader, Parrott was given 100 lashes, but he kept his silence. The bloodhounds next flushed out Dorsey, Bensinger, Buffum and Wilson. Hawkins and Porter, who had overstepped at Marietta, tried enlisting with the Ninth Georgia Battalion to escape detection, but they too were discovered and jailed.

The bloodhounds found Andrews on Monday. With Sergeant Ross and Wollam, he had been trailed three days to

a hiding-place near Lookout Mountain. Andrews had burned all his papers in the dying locomotive fire, except \$2,000 in Confederate money, with which he unsuccessfully tried to buy freedom.

On June 8, 1862, the body of Jim Andrews swung on a gallows rope in Atlanta. Ten days later, seven more of Andrews' raiders died on the gallows—Wilson, Campbell, Slavens, Robertson, Ross, Scott and Shadrack.

The remaining 15 Yankees broke jail in Atlanta, eight escaping to make their way back to the North. Wood and Wilson survived an unbelievable journey down the Chattahoochee River to the Atlantic, where a Union gunboat, the blockade ship *Stars and Stripes*, took them aboard, more dead than alive.

THAT left six, held under guard in Richmond in *Castle Thunder*, the famed Bastille of the South. Unexpectedly, they were paroled in an exchange of prisoners on March 18, 1863.

In Washington, one more surprise awaited the last six men. While they recovered from their harsh treatment, Secretary of War Stanton summoned them to his office. There, they shook hands with Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States.

Stanton turned to the first man, Private Jacob Parrott—the raider who had suffered a whip-lashing—and showed him a medallion containing a gleaming

"Congress has authorized this medal for soldiers who have shown outstanding bravery in service to their country," he began. "None has yet been awarded."

Parrott stared in awe, and vaguely wondered why Stanton was showing it to him. It hadn't occurred to him that what he had done was beyond the call of simple duty.

"NOW," Stanton hurried on, "I have the privilege to present you with the first Congressional Medal of Honor."

Dumbfounded, Parrott could say nothing as Stanton pinned the medal to his breast. In succession, Stanton then pinned similar medals on Buffum, Bensinger, Reddick, Mason and Pitttinger.

The incredible story of the great locomotive chase was closed, and though the raid had flopped miserably in its purpose, something bigger and more valuable came from it—a thing no one had ever dreamed of.

At a time when the morale of the North was at a low ebb, the daring strike of Andrews' raiders shone as proof that heroism was traditional of the whole United States, and not the sole property of the swashbuckling rebels.

Also, an American heritage was born, the Congressional Medal of Honor. And there was one thing more.

America now had a new legend—how a handful of Yankees stole a whole locomotive from the very heart of the Confederacy, in sight of four regiments of Johnny Rebs!



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Fastest Gun In Town

Continued from page 28

likes those afternoon naps. It's a good thing to learn how to handle a gun, but you'd better ride a little farther out to do your practicin' from now on."

The kid blushed red as the marshal walked away. All this time he thought his shooting had been a secret.

For more than a year he had been sneaking out into the grove by old Mallory's place every afternoon. On the way he would stop off at the saloon and load his pack with all the empty bottles he could find. Then he would pretend that he was Billy the Kid, or Wes Hardin, or this new badman, Hank Barry. He would pretend that a posse was after him. He would ram the spurs into his little gray mare and they would gallop out of town like the wind.

By the time he reached the grove late that afternoon the little gray was dark with sweat. The kid dismounted and pulled the holster from his saddle bag. His thin fingers caressed the long barrel of the Colt .44.

As he set bottles on the ground and tied them to tree limbs, he smiled to himself. I'm almost ready. One of these days I'm going to ride into town and show those folks that old Alvie Hapsett isn't just the kid who works in the livery. I'll make them talk about me. I'm going to make them remember me for a long time. I'm going to go gunning all over the territory. I'll be famous like Wes Hardin and them others.

The kid tied a string around the neck of a whiskey bottle and hung it to the limb of a cedar. He turned his back on the bottle and walked slowly away. He had walked ten paces when he exploded into motion. He spun on his heel and swung to face the bottle. Long before he had completed the turn, his right hand had made a blurred grab for the Colt in the low-slung holster.

In a thousandth part of a second the gun was leveled at the bottle. The first shot snapped the string. The second shot shattered the bottle before it could fall the four feet to the ground.

The kid was wearing a twisted smile when he slipped the gun back into the shiny black holster. So old man Mallory says he don't like me shootin' on his property, he thought. Well, I think I'm ready. I can beat any man in these parts. I know I can. I'm ready to show them.

As he rode back into town he was making his plans. Those plans included The Old-timer.

"I'll start with him," thought the kid. "He's supposed to be one of the fastest gunmen in the territory. I'll cuss him into

a draw, and when they pick up his body they'll know that Alvie Hapsett is the new gun."

The man known as The Old-timer was only 48 years old, but that was a long time for a gunfighter, even a retired one, to live in these days.

The Old-timer had hidden into town nearly six years ago. Everyone knew him on sight. Everyone feared him. He had ridden to the marshal's office as soon as he arrived in town. Nobody knows for sure what happened in the office, but when The Old-timer came out he looked happy. The town people didn't know that the gunman had told the marshal that his fighting days were over and that he was tired of moving.

He had promised the marshal that he would never again pull his gun first in any fight, if the marshal would let him settle down in town. No one had ever seen The Old-timer draw his six gun since that day.

It was almost dark when Alvie Hapsett rode up the wide, dusty street and halted in front of the saloon. He looped his horse's reins over the hitchrack, crossed the wooden sidewalk, and elbowed his way through the bawling doors.

He stopped just inside the doors and stood with his hands at his side. He eyed the half-dozen men playing poker at the table. They glanced up from the game and gave him a quick look; then, satisfied that it was only Alvie, the kid from the livery, they returned their interest to the game.

Alvie frowned and moved to the bar. "Gimme a glass of whiskey," he called to the bartender. His voice was strained and a little too loud. The bartender looked at the kid and smiled. "So, you're takin' up drinkin' Alvie?"

"Keep your face shut, and give me a drink," Alvie demanded.

THE smile faded from the face of the bartender. Several of the men at the poker table looked over at the kid. He could feel their eyes on his back.

"I can't serve you, kid," said the bartender. "You won't be 18 for a couple of months. You come back and see me then. And let me give you some advice: If you don't watch the way you talk to people, you might never get to be 18."

The kid backed a few feet away from the bar. His hands were tensed, waist high. "You think you can make me stop talkin' that way?" he asked.

The bartender's eyes moved down to the kid's black holster and the butt of the big Colt. He knew the kid was look-



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"When I don't like a thing," the rider said, "I don't

bench beside the marshal. "I guess you heard all about it, huh?" The marshal nodded and waited.

"I'm sorry," said the kid. "I wanted to be like Billy the Kid, or maybe Wes Hardin. I was going to try myself on The Old-timer, then I was going to move up north and hunt for this fella Barry."

The marshal frowned and looked at the blue in the stall.

After a few seconds he said, "You still don't know how fast you are with that gun, kid. And don't let me catch you trying to find out again with any man in this town."

He smiled at the kid. "You're lucky you tried it with The Old-timer. Any other man might have blown the hide off you. A lot of people are laughing about you today. Why don't you show them you can be a man without being a killer. Go on over to the saloon and apologize to Pete and The Old-timer."

The kid's head shot up. "Aw, Marshal, I couldn't do—"

The marshal interrupted: "It takes as much guts to apologize when you're wrong, as it does to face a man with a fast gun." He turned to leave, and as he walked past the kid's horse he reached into the saddle bag and drew out the black holster. He threw it to the kid.

"You might as well start wearing that, kid," said the marshal. "Like it or not, you ended your baby days last night."

An hour later the kid had worked up the courage to go to the saloon and eat crow for Pete and The Old-timer.

His boots seemed too loud on the wooden walk. His gun felt heavy against his leg. The band of his crumpled brown Stetson was dark with sweat.

Pete was standing beside the poker table watching a game between the older man

and three other men when the kid eased through the doors. The only other man in the saloon was the stranger who had ridden into town the previous afternoon. He was standing with his back against the bar as he sipped a beer and watched the other men.

Pete frowned and nudged The Old-timer when he saw the kid approaching them.

All eyes in the room were on Alvie as he stopped in front of him.

"About last night," the kid said. "I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself. I was wrong. You was right."

Alvie thought he could hear the whole room relax.

The Old-timer smiled and held up his hand. "Forget it, Alvie," he said. "It's happened to me plenty of times before. But I don't think it'll ever happen again." He patted his right hip. It was bare. A worn spot on the blue trousers showed where the holster and the famous six-shooter had ridden for years. "If I don't carry a gun, I don't figger anyone will try to make me use it."

ALVIE nodded and started to leave. The Old-timer stood up and took his arm. "Let's have a beer, kid," he said. "I don't reckon the marshal would get sore about one little beer."

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot."

Pete set the beer on the bar in front of them. The kid felt better after a sip of the cold liquid washed his throat.

He glanced at the man's face and smiled. Over the older man's shoulder he saw the stranger walking toward them. The stranger was a big man wearing black, soiled trousers and a brown leather jacket. A pinched sealed face peered out from beneath a black flat-crowned Stet-



"Max is the romantic type. He drinks beer from my galoshes."

leave it. I change it."

son. A deadly looking revolver reared from a holster on each hip.

The stranger stopped next to them and slid a silver dollar across the bar.

"Gimme my change," he demanded. "I don't like drinking with babies."

"Now just a minute, stranger," said Pete. "Alvie here just proved himself to be a man. He can drink beer in here any time he wants to."

The stranger looked at Alvie and laughed loudly. "He don't look like no man to me," he said. "He looks like a punk with a busted nose."

The kid clenched his teeth and looked down at the bar.

"Listen, stranger," said the Old-timer. "I don't know who you are, but if you don't like the way we do things here it only takes a few minutes to get out of town."

The smile left the stranger's face. "My name's Hank Barry," he said, "and when I don't like something, I don't leave—I change it."

The Old-timer started to move his hand to his hip. Then he remembered that his gun was not there.

The thin figure of the kid moved in front of him and faced Barry.

"Get out of the way, punk," said Barry. "My beef is with the old crow who wants me to leave town."

"He don't have a gun," said the kid. "He can't fight you."

Barry's eyes traveled down to the kid's bright black holster. His lips peeled back to show a row of crooked brown teeth. "I see you got a gun, little fella," he snarled. "Let's see if you know how to use it."

The kid didn't move. He was staring into the dark face of Barry. "Stop watching his face, Alvie," came from behind him. "Keep your eyes on his hands."

The warning came none too soon. The kid saw Barry's hands drop to his hips.

The months of practice sprang into the hands of Alvie Happett. Barry's guns were just sliding out of the holsters when the first bullet hit him in the throat, about an inch above his Adam's apple. He was reaching for his throat when the second bullet smashed between his eyes. He didn't live long enough to feel the other four bullets that tore into his body before he could fall to the floor.

The next afternoon, the marshal saw the kid riding past on the splendid big blue he had given him. It had belonged to Barry the day before. He waved, Alvie waved back, and then rode on toward the old grove on Mallory's place.

Just before he reached it, he turned off and pulled up in front of the house. Old Man Mallory came out, stood on the porch, and asked him what he wanted.

Alvie explained, "I just wanted you to know that I won't be botherin' you with any more of my shootin' out there, Mr. Mallory, and I'm sorry if I caused you any discomfort." And before he rode off, he added that he would be right obliged to clean up the mess of broken bottles he'd left there.

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Last Stand at The Arikaree

Continued from page 39

turning in, they tethered their horses and four supply mules to a cluster of cottonwoods. There was little sound from the river to disturb their sleep. The Arikaree was an almost dry bed, a rushing torrent in the spring but in September a mere trickle of water a few inches deep.

In its center was a small island, scarcely more than an acre, covered with wild plum bushes and a scattering of trees. From the river the land sloped westward toward the stronghold of the Indian nations.

The first glow of dawn had just begun to lighten the sky when the sentry awoke the men with a shout. "Buffalo comin'!" he called.

They turned over in their blankets. They could hear the distant rumble, but a few buffalo weren't things to worry about—unless they came right into camp. But then they heard another noise, a chorus of Indian yells and whoops. As they scrambled for their rifles, they saw a half-dozen Redskins in war paint trying to stampede the tethered horses.

They drove them off, killing two, but not before the four pack mules and several of the horses had been lost. By that time the entire camp was alert, and the rumble was coming steadily closer. Soon, over the crest of the horizon appeared a sight which was magnificent in spite of its ominousness—a long array of over 1,000 painted, screaming savages riding hard toward them. At their head was Chief Roman Nose followed by Chief Medicine Man. Roman Nose, a powerful, handsome, six-foot warrior, knew he was destined to die before the day ended. His people had called him to lead them in battle against the scouts before he'd finished his purification ritual.

In a short time the plain became an inferno. Arrows, and bullets from rifles taken off the bodies of the massacred settlers, poured into the white men. The latter held their fire at Colonel Forsyth's order as they hid behind their horses for shelter. When scarcely 50 yards separated them from the enemy, they heard the command to commence fire. The Spencers responded and huge gaps opened in the massed line of Indians. Those attackers whose horses had been shot from under them continued to fight on foot. The rest of the line wheeled and re-treated, re-formed and came on once more.

Colonel Forsyth knew his position was untenable and he was in danger of being overcome by sheer weight of numbers. Reluctantly he gave the order to fall back. The men obeyed and eventually the steep bank of the Arikaree was behind them. One by one they slipped their mounts down the slope and sought refuge on the little island. Those who

reached it first covered the retreat of their companions with rifle fire. Then they formed a protective circle with their horses, tying them to the bushes, and resumed fighting, forcing back the Indians in attack after attack. With their tin cups, mess plates, knives and bare hands they scooped up the earth to form a breastwork. Finally the Redskins disappeared, leaving their dead in heaps on the plain and shore.

The time was then 9 A.M. and Colonel Forsyth counted his casualties. Dr. Mowers had been shot, the bullet passing through his brain, he was unconscious. He remained so until he died two days later. Two scouts had been killed and over a dozen wounded. All the horses were dead. Forsyth himself had been hit in the shin by an arrow and a bullet had creased his head.

Roman Nose gave small respite, however, for within a half-hour his warriors charged again but this time the white men were ready. From behind their earthen mounds they picked their targets carefully. All were expert marksmen with both Colt and rifle and at every shot one of the enemy dropped and lay still. Forsyth and Beecher, the former with a Colt in each hand, were firing from behind several small trees which were growing close together. They were standing erect instead of lying prone, as were their men, so they could survey the scene of battle. Arrows protruded from the front of the trunks like pins from a pincushion. They had just decided to find a safer spot and had begun to crawl away when concentrated rifle fire cut one of the trees in half. It barely missed them as it fell.

At one point during the attack, Forsyth saw one of his scouts crouching behind a dead horse and firing calmly although the shaft of a broken arrow stuck out from his forehead.

"Are you hurt, man?" he asked.

The injured man fired his rifle and drew back. "Not much," he replied with a smile.

Forsyth examined him and saw the head of the arrow hadn't penetrated deeply but simply was wedged in the bone. He tried to tug it loose but it was immovable and he decided it would be best to leave it as it was. A short time later he heard the man call him. When he went to him, he found the shaft was gone, a jagged, bleeding wound in its place.

"Bullet plucked it right out," the scout explained with another grin.

After an hour's fighting, Roman Nose withdrew once more, disappointed at his heavy losses. He had violated his code by attempting to take the invaders by storm. Like all Indians, he much preferred to strike from ambush or to pick

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complied woodsman and Indian fighter. The second was David Trudeau, a trapper. Together they disappeared into the night as quietly as the Indians.

The following day the sniping continued and the wounded men suffered miserably in the hot sun. If the uninjured survivors hadn't been conditioned to the hard life of the frontier, the stench of the decaying horse flesh would have made them too ill to carry on.

The human bodies, too, began to decompose and shallow graves were dug to hold them. The horses weren't touched, however. They still were shields against enemy fire. That night Forsyth sent out two more men, but they were forced to turn back when they almost crawled into the Indian camp in the dark.

By the third day, the meat which had been buried for food began to spoil and still the Indians continued their sniping, waiting for the final surrender. Again, in the darkness, two men left for help. These did not return. On the sixth day of the siege, September 25th, with his men's wounds becoming gangrenous and all food gone, Colonel Forsyth commanded that those men were still able to, try to escape while he and the wounded remained behind to hold off the Indians. But his order was never fulfilled.

When Trudeau and young Stillwell had left on the first night, they stayed together, moving like shadows through the bushes and trees. They suspected that the Indians would have a watch concentrated on their line of retreat, knowing that the white men would try to send for help, and so they went up the river into the Indians' country and then turned in a wide, sweeping circle. The following dawn found them in the open prairie. Here they separated to decrease the chance of both of them being seen and captured. It is told that Stillwell, crawling up a slight, rocky slope in order to survey the land beyond for danger, bumped into a large rattlesnake rearing its head several feet from him. With both his-

tation, the boy cheeked his cud of chewing tobacco and sent a stream of yellow juice accurately into its face. The snake wriggled off at full speed and Stillwell continued his own snake-like progress. Two days later he staggered into Fort Wallace.

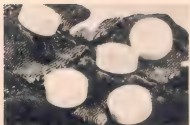
COLONEL Forsyth's men were ready to leave their stronghold in accordance with his command when they heard hoofbeats. Expecting another Indian attack, they made ready for a last, desperate stand. The horses drew closer but at a trot, not at a gallop. When they finally came into view, the exhausted defenders of Beecher's Island saw that they carried troops of Colonel E. A. Carpenter's Fifth Cavalry. It was an advance detachment coming to their rescue under the leadership of "Buffalo" Bill Cody. Forsyth's leg had developed blood poisoning and he was in agony on the slow journey back to Fort Wallace, although he was gratified to learn that Trudeau and the other two scouts whom he had sent for help had arrived safely.

The main body of the Fifth Cavalry pressed on in pursuit of the Indians. It was composed mainly of Negro soldiers trained since the termination of the Civil War. The Redmen called them "Buffalo Soldiers" and feared them greatly, believing that their scalps were bad luck. As a result, the buffalo soldiers never succeeded in engaging the main army of Indians, although they did drive them far into the West. The Redmen were in full retreat, completely disheartened by the loss of their war leaders Roman Nose and Medicine Man, and by their failure to wipe out the little band of heroic frontiersmen.

Actually, it was not lack of guts or brains that lost the Arikaree for the Indian. Both sides had unlimited amounts of both. When it comes down to it, the Indian lost the Arikaree, just as he was to lose everything else in years to come, to white men who always seemed to have more reinforcements. ***



"First time I've seen our invitations. How come my name's written in it?"



drink and love—maybe even more so.

Most revealing clue to Miltown's magical potency may be seen in its laboratory effects upon (strangely enough) wild monkeys. As reported in medical journals, obstreperous monkeys who were given Miltown forgot fear, hostility and aggressiveness. Their appetite was unaffected and "full interest in the environment resulted." Evidently the human toilers in our West Coast vineyards may now be expected to be fearless and friendly.

Hollywood's dire need for peace of mind has enabled Schwab's, best-known drugstore in Los Angeles, to sell a quarter-million Miltown pills within four months, and they've had to turn down more prescriptions for it than they could fill. The fad has even erupted a rash of yaks that place Miltown alongside smog and mothers-in-law as fodder for gag writers.

During the nationwide telecasts in March of the Emmy awards for the best TV programs and performances, two of the masters of ceremonies with references to Miltown, startled doctors who happened to be listening.

Jimmy Durante described a new kind of Emmy in which the head screws off and the belly is full of Miltown. Bob Cummings, ostensibly nervous at the mike, read off a list of nominees for the documentary award and then turned to an official with this remark: "... and now give me the Miltown—I mean the envelope." It got a laugh from the pep Hollywood audience.

Bob Hope, during some banter with Greer Garson in a TV show called "The Awful Truth," injected a line, "That dog is just having a Miltown." Groucho Marx relates the story of a debt-ridden actor who was interrupted at breakfast by his wife carrying in a pile of unpaid bills. "What'll I do with these?" she asked. "Tear 'em up and order some more Miltown," was the reply.

A steady customer of the stop-worrying drug, Milton Berle has pulled this one: "It's worked wonders for me. In fact, I'm thinking of changing my name to Miltown Berle."

One veteran observer of the Hollywood scene, a distaff columnist for the *Mirror-News*, recorded this experience: "I went from Ginger Rogers' party to José Ferrer's party and then to another dinner party, and everywhere they were talking about Miltown. Even my husband is on it now. He used to be very nervous, really just miserable. Now he doesn't get mad as quick or stay mad as long."

Hollywood, however, is not the only town to go hell-bent for the wondrous soothing pill. The demand for Miltown is almost as strong, though not so blatant, on Times Square, in conservative Boston,

How Hollywood Beats the Jitters

Continued from page 31

Washington, Charlotte, N. C., and Houston. In these and other communities, strangers may find their prescriptions can't be filled because druggists save their Miltown for regular customers. One pharmaceutical firm did \$15,000,000 business in the past year with the new drug.

Today, about a year since Miltown was first introduced, it is the fourth best seller in American drugstores. (The first three are acromycin, gantrisin and emprin in compound form.) Under another licensed trade name, meproamate is also sold as Equanil.

A white crystalline powder with a characteristic bitter taste, meproamate was originally developed as a muscle-relaxing drug, and at first its calming effect seemed incidental. Experimenting at the Wallace Laboratories in New Brunswick, N. J., Dr. Frank M. Berger was looking for an improvement on mephesin, which has only a temporary action in relieving muscle spasms.

HE finally came up with meproamate, a chemical cousin of mephesin. After he found that it soothed laboratory monkeys, the drug was tested on patients in hospitals at Washington, D. C., and Cheverly, Md. There were men and women with chronic or acute low back strain, osteoarthritis, muscle inflammations and various rheumatic conditions. Results were amazing: from 92 to 100 percent improvement.

Trials on the monkeys, which demonstrated that with Miltown they became far less frightened and pugnacious, led to its use for allaying anxiety and tensions. It is used as a crutch to help cure alcoholism and drug addiction, and for a variety of other purposes in promoting the well-being of the troubled and sick.

How does Miltown work? Basically, it has a depressant effect on the central nervous system. Its greatest influence is in the area of the thalamus in the brain, a relay station between incoming stimuli and the cortex, which gives us the power to think. Miltown helps the relay station screen out bad stimuli before they reach the thinking mechanism.

As an anxiety reliever, Miltown was found to be uniformly successful, with reports of recoveries and improvement ranging from 70 to 85 percent. It proved an invaluable aid in controlling irrational fears and vague senses of dread, in relaxing bodily tension, lessening irritability and improving the ability to concentrate. Unsocial patients again could take part in social activities. Men who were mentally ill dropped their emotional defenses, got more confidence in their doctors and were able to take psychotherapy.

What probably appeals strongly to the frenzied characters of Hollywood is that



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One dramatic case of human salvage occurred some months ago in St. Louis. A well-known business executive we'll call John Stanton had found the pressures of his responsibilities were making him a nervous wreck. Under the piled-up strains, he turned to liquor, became a lush and finally lost his job.

FINALLY, his doctor persuaded Stanton to try Miltown and put him on 16 pills a day. Upon his doctor's advice, Stanton sought a job with a minimum of responsibility. He's still working today, calm and efficient. Gaining confidence in himself, Stanton has cut his Miltowns down to only six a day and he expects to drop them altogether before long.

Cases like these, far from being isolated, are frequent and are reported in careful studies made by doctors on large groups of patients. Dr. Lowell S. Selling of Orlando, Fla., tried Miltown on 187 patients suffering from tension and anxiety, alcoholism and similar neurotic conditions. Many of these men complained that their muscles were so taut that they couldn't sleep. Results of Dr. Selling's study showed that between 90 and 95 percent of his patients either recovered or improved.

Many men who are keyed up, as Dr. Selling pointed out, suffer acutely from a headache located at the base of the skull, with secondary pain in the neck and shoulders. These tension headaches can be so maddening that they rob a man of the ability to function. With Miltown, remarkable recoveries have been recorded by a number of medical investigators. Miltown's value clearly lies not only in its action on psychoneurotic symptoms (caused by difficult life situations) but also in its unquestionable relaxing effect on skeletal muscles.

Sexual maladjustment among married couples, often due to emotional tensions, have been straightened out by Miltown. Take the case of the unhappy couple in Kansas City, married a few months and very much in love but unable to do much about it. The husband, it seems, was too nervous and overanxious. Miltown fixed him up and the couple are now on a perpetual honeymoon.

For men who hit the bottle, probably the most popular sober-upper is "the hair of the dog that bit them." Doctors reject that notion on the grounds that it tends to lead back to more drunkenness. Nor are habit-forming and depression-prolonging drugs such as paraldehyde, chloral hydrate and barbiturates satisfactory as a rapid and humane method of keeping a

man out of alcoholic bouts. Consequently, Miltown was tried out on 65 alcoholic patients at the Washingtonian Hospital in Boston.

It was hoped that the drug would reduce their tension and anxiety in the critical days following their binges. That's the time most problem drinkers and alcoholics suffer from tremors, insomnia, "rum fits," low blood pressure and other discomforts. After taking the wonder pills, a majority of the Boston alcoholics became far less restless, lost the feeling of "butterflies in the stomach," ate well, slept in long naps and felt in a better mood.

What happened to a 35-year-old alcoholic (here called Bill Adams) illustrates the amazing power of Miltown. When he was admitted to the hospital for treatment of an acute brain syndrome due to alcoholism, Bill had been a lost weekend for some 15 years. A college graduate, his weakness was vodka and beer. When he tried to stop drinking, he heard "voices," had hallucinations of persecution, became fearful that some "enemy group" was planning to maim him. On two occasions, he appealed to police for help, even changed his address to elude his "pursuers."

At the hospital, a psychiatric examination two days after admission showed that he was a borderline schizophrenic. He'd had considerable sexual conflict since adolescence and had tried, unsuccessfully, to have intercourse with a woman only once. In the first three days at the hospital, doctors put Bill on insulin and vitamins. On the fourth day, he was given Miltown pills.

The response was, as Dr. Joseph Thimann declared, "immediate and very complete." Bill's anxiety tension definitely diminished. He was able to loosen up, to focus attention, to better tolerate irritating factors. In less than a week, his hallucinations completely disappeared, though it took longer for some of his delusions of persecution to fade.

Two months later, Bill showed no evidence of any psychotic reaction. He was allowed to go back to his job, returning to the protective environment of the hospital every night. Finally, after another two weeks, he was discharged. When he left the hospital, he was given a supply of Miltown with instructions to use one or two tablets whenever he became anxious or couldn't sleep. Once again, Miltown had saved a man from the human dump heap.

SINCE sleeplessness accompanies many cases of alcoholism, as well as every state of anxiety and tension, Miltown was naturally tried out for serious persistent insomnia. In Baltimore, Dr. Louis Lasagna of Johns Hopkins tested Miltown on 46 chronically ill patients with insomnia. He found they fell asleep faster and slept longer than other patients given placebos (dummy pills).

Another researcher reported that Miltown causes people to sleep naturally, rather than forcing sleep, like other drugs. After taking a barbiturate, unconscious-

suggests: "Give her a peace pipe full of Miltown."

ness sets in suddenly. On the other hand, with Miltown you're able to lie quietly without worrying until you drift into sleep. You can be readily awakened and there's no "dopey" feeling in the morning.

If you don't want to dream at night, Miltown is for you. A fascinating side-effect of the drug's effect is that a Miltown-induced sleep is somehow dreamless; to tensed-up men, this means they won't be tortured by nightmares.

In ever-widening areas, the amazing pill is being utilized as a multi-purpose medical tool. Besides subduing anxiety, Miltown has been good for alleviating gastro-intestinal distress, nervous skin disorders, pre-menstrual tension. Reports are soon expected on its use in relieving cancer pain and in treating certain forms of epilepsy.

BUT what makes Miltown stand out among all the other earlier and much-touted tranquilizing drugs? Why didn't Hollywood rush to reserpine and chlorpromazine when these quieting pills were introduced about two years ago? The answer is that Miltown is considered by doctors as unusually safe—probably almost as safe as aspirin. It is not habit-forming and it's free from the unpleasant—and sometimes dangerous—side effects of other peace-of-mind drugs.

After taking reserpine, for instance, people have been known to become so depressed that they attempt suicide. With chlorpromazine, sometimes jaundice breaks out; it may also cause a shock-like drop in blood pressure, racing of the heart, a condition resembling shaking palsy or a reduction of disease-fighting white blood cells.

In the experiments with laboratory monkeys, scientists found that the animals on reserpine became listless and catatonic; those who took chlorpromazine lost interest in their surroundings but remained suspicious and capable of attacking when handled or prodded. Mil-

town, however, left them quiet and friendly, their senses unaffected.

Unlike barbiturates and other drugs, Miltown can't be used for suicide. At least five people have tried it, swallowing between 20 and 50 Miltown tablets at a time. They just became sleepy, recovered spontaneously within 45 hours and showed no after-effects. A cup of hot coffee put them back into shape. In one extreme case, revealed by Dr. Sellers, a man hoarded a supply of Miltown until he accumulated about 100 tablets. Although he gulped them all down, he suffered no serious harm.

The only known disadvantages of Miltown to date are occasional drowsiness and allergic reactions when taken by certain patients. If there is an allergy, it usually occurs after one to four doses, and appears as an itchy rash usually confined to the groin. Some severe cases of fever, fainting spells and bronchial spasm have occurred. A more frequent side effect is drowsiness but this may be eliminated by cutting down the dosage from six to three tablets a day.

With so few side effects and an overwhelming record of safe, effective conquest of all kinds of jitters, it's not surprising that the super-charged, hypo-chondriacal Hollywood characters, Madison Avenue hucksters and anxiety-haunted Americans elsewhere have gone Miltown-mad.

Maybe, too, they'll all become more lovable. From Palm Springs, Herman Salk—brother of polio vaccine discoverer Dr. Jonas Salk—recently came out with a fascinating report on his use of Miltown. A veterinarian, Herman Salk gave the pills to some particularly neurotic, vicious, man-hating, man-biting dogs. In two days, the canine brutes were converted by Miltown into gentle, affectionate, perfectly harmless tail-waggers.

Next time he snaps at you, maybe it would be a good idea to hand some Miltown to your boss. **END**

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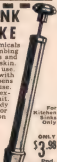
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Fraulein!

Continued from page 23

25-year-old girl with cozy apartment seeks lonely young man to occupy evenings."

Strangely, off-color innuendoes aren't as effective as some of the respectable pleas like this one:

"War widow in her late thirties. Delicate constitution. Three children. Wants to meet amiable responsible gentleman. Object, marriage."

A German acquaintance I met at my hotel, Wilhelm Komer, told me of his own experience with the *Werbe Dienst*. His "love wanted" advertisement had read:

"What frauëin would like to go on a two-week holiday to Bavaria by car, all expenses paid? Congenial and well-to-do gentleman is looking for a girl at least five feet all, not older than 22. She must not wear glasses."

WILLY got 17 replies. He selected a luscious, athletic, dark-haired girl who worked as a government clerk and they gayly went off on their holiday. Willy enjoyed every minute of it.

"What happened to the girl?" I asked Willy.

He shrugged. "We said goodbye after our nice vacation and that was that. There're plenty of other frauëins around."

One disturbing result of the man shortage is the obvious rise in lesbianism. At a *bierstube* in Düsseldorf, I found advertisements by women for female companions. Their hangouts are clubs where they dance intimately to American jazz.

It's taken hectic evolution and revolution to make the frauëin what she is today. Wars, privation, social and economic changes have left their indelible marks. By tradition, the German hausfrau had always been the slave of the three *K's—kirche, kinder, kuche* (church, children, kitchen). But all that is dead as the dodo today.

The first important change in the status and morals of German women came as an aftermath of World War One. The resulting debacle, revolution and inflation had much to do with the breakdown of their once-rigid moral code. Equally important was the example set by the hordes of Russian emigres who flooded Berlin in the early 1920's.

Viewing the elegance and self-assurance of the upper-class Russian women, the frauëins cut off their long braids, pulled in their broad hips and flowing bosoms. They passed up their beloved *kartoffelpuffer* (potato pancakes) and left kitchen and nursery for the bars. Berlin, plunged into a whirlpool of vice, became for a time the sexiest wide-open city in Europe. Outside of Berlin, however,

women were still dull and chunky, subservient to their tyrannical husbands. Then Hitler changed all that.

According to Hitler, women were put on earth to breed children. If they couldn't find a husband, let some SS (Elite Guard) man service them. The head of his Women's Corps, Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, announced: "Girls today return to their basic urges. They submit to them humbly and with pleasure." Illegitimate offspring were not considered social pariahs; the word "illegitimate" was frowned upon as an anti-Nazi expression.

Thus Hitler "liberated" the girls of Germany so that they could perform their most patriotic task—bearing children as soon as possible. Agents from the elite Women's Corps visited the homes of women who hadn't had children for 18 months, or who weren't pregnant, and demanded to know why they refused to fulfill their "eternal mission." Germany's maternity wards overflowed and the birth rate reached a new high in 1940.

Baby farms known as *Lebensborn* (fount of life) sprung up at plush health resorts. Here were quartered Germany's "part-time brides," girls mated with young SS stalwarts whose traits Hitler's racial experts considered necessary in order to preserve the "master race."

AS more men died in battle, and young women began to fear spinsterhood, it was easy to recruit rosy-cheeked *maedchen* to spend weekends at elegant villas with German soldiers on furlough. These part-time brides were even given money to buy a trousseau and take special beauty treatments.

At least a quarter-million of these *Lebensborn* brides were thrown on their own when the war ended. Most of them landed helpless and confused in the American and British zones. Emerging from the ruins, they and millions of others discovered that their men were missing or dead. It was natural for them to turn to the Americans.

From the first day the Amis entered the Reich in the autumn of 1944, the love-starved frauëins went out of their way to play up to the conquerors. And the war-weary GIs naturally yearned for female companionship. No matter how fat, gawky or ratty-looking an Ami was, he never had trouble establishing a liaison with an attractive German girl.

Worried by this, our Army command issued its famous order forbidding troops to "fraternize." But it was just about as effective as Prohibition.

In Army usage, fraternization came to be synonymous with love-making. And since no workable law against it has ever been enacted in all history, the shame-

faced Army soon had to rescind the ban.

The GI who wasn't content with random pick-ups got a steady girl, visiting her regularly in her room, paying her rent and supplying her with food and clothes from the PX. The longer they stayed in Germany, the more likely they were to have a "friend." Officials in the Military Government were so receptive to the custom that German men reported to MG as "Government by Mistresses."

Thus, the average Joe got to learn about the delightful attributes of the natives he called "frowline." Compared to his spoiled, domineering sweetheart or wife back in his home town—and to the gimme-gimme, predatory French girls—the *fräuleins* were surprisingly submissive, wholesome and immaculate. The GI was flattered. His unspoiled "frowline" was happy to fulfill his slightest wish. Instead of receiving "Dear John" letters from home, he was now writing, "Dear Mary, I'm sorry to . . ."

WHAT most impressed GIs was the way the *fräuleins* knew how to treat men as males everywhere dream of being treated—with deference and affection. Thus exposed to the intimate charms of German girls, our GIs became convinced that American girls couldn't hold a candle to their competition.

And GIs still feel that way today. When I was in Heidelberg, I spent an evening with a young Army sergeant from a Chicago suburb. George was living with a 28-year-old woman who had a young child. He could speak little German and she knew even less English. But they got along blissfully like honeymoons.

"These krauts are swell," he told me. "They're far nicer than the girls back in Chicago or the French and English girls I've known. American girls are conceited, too uppity, they step all over you if you give them a chance. English women pretend they're like Americans, and the French I just don't like—always trying to talk you for something."

"Take my girl Irmagard, for instance. She's a real lady, better educated than I am. From the upper classes—her father was a lawyer. Yet, when I get up in the morning, I find my pants pressed and my shoes shined. Can you picture any doll in Kalamazoo or Los Angeles doing that for you?"

No wonder, then, that my friend Bob Willis and so many other ex-Army men decided to marry their doting *fräuleins*. In many more instances, the arrangements were "duration marriages," without benefit of clergy. As a result, today there are about 300,000 *uneheliche Besatzungskinder* (illegitimate Occupation children) in Germany.

Most of these Yanks had a real feeling of home life with their girls and treated them with sincere affection. They

may have wanted to marry them, but too often it was tough to get security clearance before a commander would approve a wedding. Maybe there was a black mark somewhere in the girl's past—a Nazi uncle, a Commie cousin, a brief period as a prostitute—and with such no wedding bells could ring.

STILL on the prowl these days, the fascinating *fräulein* of Germany is determined to hook her man. If you look like an American, your chances of an easy and quick liaison are pretty good. Consider what happened to me before I left.

I was passing through a railroad station in Berlin when a tall, well-built *fräulein* in her mid-20's touched my elbow. She was standing at a railing, a suitcase at her feet, a coat on her arm, apparently waiting for someone.

"Cigarette, *bitte*?" she asked me. I stopped, offered her one from my pack of filter tips. She took the cigarette slowly, making it clear she was used to American brands. Her name, I soon learned, was Edda Boeckler. We got talking.

It turned out that Edda lived in Weimar and came to Berlin every week-end to see her boyfriend, a GI. Her Ami had promised to find a room for her near his barracks, so that she could avoid the weekly trip.

"Jimmy says it isn't easy to find a room and he's scared maybe he'll get into trouble. But I know if he wants to bad enough, he can do it. I think maybe he does not like me any more, and he is trying to, as you say, brush me off."

I sympathized with her. Edda took off her hat and fluffed out her luxuriant yellow hair.

"One way or another, I'm going to find a place in Berlin," she said firmly. "There's nothing for a girl like me in the Russian Zone. Did you ever try getting fun and affection out of a Russian? All they do is drink vodka. No, I want to come to Berlin, but I don't think Jimmy wants me."

"**HAVE** another cigarette," I said. She took another filter tip from my pack and smiled at me through a cloud of smoke as she exhaled.

"Are you going to be in Berlin very long, mister . . . mister—I don't believe I know your name," she said.

"Lange," I answered. "Why?" As if I didn't know what was coming.

"Well, I thought if you weren't busy, maybe we could have a real long talk next week-end. I always like talking to someone interesting. Jimmy doesn't talk much anymore except about things in America and he's gotten to be a bore. You don't look boring. We could have a lot of fun together, don't you think?"

That's *fräulein*. With her, life never ends. It's always only the beginning. ***

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MALE CALL

OVER AND OUT

To the Editor:

I have just read your article, *To the End of the Line* in the May issue of MALE and enjoyed it very much, but I have to criticize one part of it. I am in the Air Force stationed in Japan. I am a radio operator and therefore, transmitting to aircraft is an everyday thing with me. In the story, the phrase "over and out" was used three times.

Now, the word "over" is used at the end of a transmission to let the pilot know you expect an answer to the transmission. The word "out" is used to let the pilot know you do not expect an answer and are through with your transmission.

Therefore, using "over" and "out" together would be contradictory.

A/3c Harry Sanders
Misawa, Japan

... the author keeps using the expression "over and out." Over means "This is the end of this transmission and an answer is expected." Out means "This is the end of this transmission and I DO NOT expect an answer." As the two words have altogether different meanings, it is impossible to use them together and make sense.

Hugh E. Gibson
Muskegon, Michigan

► Red-faced author Mayfield, in answer to readers Sanders, Gibson and others, states: I wish to commend you on your astuteness in catching the phrase "over and out." After completing the story, I had it checked by a number of USAF pilots, but the phrase in question slipped by unnoticed.

LEAPING LIZARDS

To the Editor:

At last someone has seen a lizard as large as the one I've seen. (Refer to *I Hunted the Island of Dragons*, MALE, July, 1955) When I tell anyone of such a creature, they're skeptical.

I saw this lizard while I was with the 350th AA in New Guinea. I was returning to my outfit one day with an extra heavy load on my truck. The grade was long and steep, so I was going only about five miles an hour. When about three quarters of the way up, this creature came out of the brush. It was about 12-15 feet long with a skinny, forked tongue and its body was about two-and-a-half feet thick. It came out on the road about 75 feet in front of my truck; took its time crossing in front of me. I didn't want to shoot it; I thought I'd only wound it. What would I do then? I told other guys in the outfit about it, but they thought I was going island crazy.

About three weeks later, another driver saw two of them crossing in the same spot, but the guys laughed at him, too. How I've wished many times since that I'd had a camera with me. Do you have any pictures so I can prove these creatures do exist?

Robert E. Barrett
Revere, Massachusetts

► We're still getting mail on this 1955 story, and for those who don't believe in Mr. Barrett's dragon lizards or *varani komodenses* as they are called in textbooks, this fellow named "Diago," now a permanent guest at the Bronx Zoo in New York City, should constitute all the proof needed. He is a small



one, only nine feet long and weighing only 218 pounds. However, he considers a chunk of meat the size of a cabbage to be nothing but a light snack. These lizards are found in the Dutch East Indies where Mr. Barrett was stationed, and are thought to be creatures who defied evolution to remain as they were in the age of dinosaurs.

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The Blonde Trap

continued from page 35

over me. He had a wet towel in one hand. "Wake up, bum," he said. He swung the towel and it slapped me across the face, hard. Then I sat up.

I was in a room in a back-country county courthouse. Two men leaned back in chairs across the room and smirked at me. They were big, red-faced, pot-gutted men—almost as big and red-faced and pot-gutted as the man with the wet towel. A sign on the desk across the room said *Sheriff Loy Bailey*.

"Tell me this," I said. "Why is it all you country sheriffs and deputies run to fat?"

"Must be a frostie, Loy," one of the deputies said. "All these snowbirds is full of piss and vinegar when they first get down here to God's country."

"We got enough on this here frostie to thaw him out for a spell," Loy said. "Assault and battery. Wilful destruction of property. Drunk and disorderly."

I remembered then to slap my hip pocket to see if my wallet was there. I should have known better. It was gone, of course. In addition to the cash I'd picked up at Joe Fanchon's crap table that evening I'd had just under two hundred dollars of my own. Plus my driver's license, the photostat of my Army discharge and other odds and ends.

"On your feet, bum," Loy growled.

I staggered to my feet. The three of them herded me through the door, down the hall, down the front steps, and into the back seat of a car.

We drove to a two-story red brick building—the county jail. The three men herded me up the steps and through the main room to the single cell block in the rear. An old man with a sad and broken face was asleep, his head back, snoring, in a chair by the cell block door. Loy Bailey shook him awake.

"You sleep messy," he said. "On your feet. Fresh meat."

The old man flashed a look of pure hatred at him, creaked to his feet and fumbled open the cell block door. He led the way to an empty cell, and Bailey and his deputies escorted me to it. Bailey led me in. He turned to go, then wheeled—very fast for a man his size—and threw a hamlike fist at my face. I caught it on my left cheek and went down on the dirty cement floor.

"There ain't but one kind of exercise I like, bum," he said. "That's it." Then the sheriff of Carter County kicked me in the ribs, and I didn't have what it took to get off the floor.

I caught a glimpse of the old jailer; he was trembling, and his face looked sick with disgust. Bailey slammed the cell door shut and they all left me alone.

I came awake the next morning to the sight of a king-sized cockroach crawling over the dish of cold oatmeal somebody had brought me for breakfast. I was feeling pretty rocky but I guessed I'd live.

It wasn't long before the old jailer rattled a key in the lock on my cell door. The door swung open. I just sat there on my bunk.

"You're Mr. Dolan, ain't you?"

"That's right."

"I've been told to turn you a loose. Mr. Rand Ringo left word that he wants to see you this morning."

I was halfway to the open door of the cell block. I stopped and turned. "Do me a favor, will you, pop?"

"Maybe. Then again maybe not."

"Give Ringo a message. Tell him Mr. Dolan said to stuff it."

The old man's mouth gaped open and then his face lighted with an expression of pure, unadulterated admiration. I turned and left him.

I felt a lot better after a bath and a change of clothes. As I passed the desk on my way to find breakfast the desk clerk stopped me. "Mr. Dolan," he said, "Mr. Ringo called. Mr. Rand Ringo. He asked me to remind you of your appointment with him this morning."

"I—"

"You know where he lives?"

I shook my head. A man can take just so much. I listened to the desk clerk tell me how to get to Ringo's house in the country. I didn't commit myself one way or the other. When he'd finished talking I asked him if he'd call a cab about my car.

"It's outside, sir. Ready to go."

"You pay for it?" I asked, wondering if he'd squawk when I had to write him a check.

"Oh, that's all been taken care of." He waved an airy hand. "Mr. Ringo—"

That did it. I knew I wouldn't have a night's sleep until I met Ringo. I had breakfast at a diner down the street. Then I started for Ringo's house.

I went out of town the way the desk clerk had told me to go.

THE graveled road swung sharply to the right and the arch of banyans ended and there it was—a huge, expensive, sprawling, bewildering hulk of pink stucco and red-tiled roof.

Five hundred yards behind the house were whitewashed stables. Just beyond my car was a kidney-shaped swimming pool.

I left my Ford, walked to the brass-studded front door and rang the bell. The door swung open almost immediately. A white-wooled old colored man grinned at me.

"Mr. Ringo, he's waiting for you." He bowed me inside and led me down a high, dark hall. He knocked at a door.

A smooth voice, deep, cultivated, said, "Come in, please."

The old man opened the door. I glanced quickly around the room. It seemed to be a combination study and office. Shelves of books. Filing cabinets.

Ringo stood at his desk. He was a tall man—as tall as I—but running slightly to flesh around the middle. He was, I guessed, in his late forties. He wore a white shirt, beautifully tailored riding breeches and glistening, dark brown, soft-leathered riding-boots. His face, neck, wrists, and hands were deeply tanned. His hair was black shot with gray. His jaw

was strong, his lips full but firm. These features were all dominated, however, by his eyes; they were huge, soft, luminous, black-brown, with an almost Oriental slant.

He moved toward me, his hand outstretched. I shook Ringo's hand.

"Thanks for coming, Dolan. Drink?" "Whatever you're having, Ringo." If he could dispense with the "Mr." then so could I.

He fixed a drink at the portable bar, then handed me a glass of bourbon over ice. Suddenly Ringo went to his desk, opened a drawer, and tossed me my wallet.

I caught it and stared at it, stupidly. "I like the way you handled yourself in Joe Fanchon's place last night, Dolan," he said, "even if the whole thing was rather useless."

I waited.

"I like the way you stood up to Loy Bailey and his deputies—even if that was rather futile also."

"How do you know these things? How did you get my wallet?"

"I know everything that happens in Carter County."

"How?"

"Because, by God, Carter County is mine! What I don't own, I control. How would you like to work for me, Dolan?"

I didn't have a chance to answer him. The door opened. The girl standing there was nineteen—twenty, at the most. Her face was a delicate oval, her hair was a dark and shining mass, and her skin was a transparent, translucent, off-white cream color. She was dressed in white shorts and a white halter top that left her shoulders bare. Her black-brown eyes were huge and shining, and slanted in an almost Oriental way—and I knew of course that she was Ringo's daughter. I stood there staring at her, and I knew that I had never wanted a woman as much as I wanted this one.

Ringo's voice was soft behind me. "My daughter, Gloria," he said. "Gloria, this is Brad Dolan."

She stared solemnly at me, her face expressionless. When she spoke it was in a husky monotone: "How do you do?"

I nodded.

Ringo said, "We're talking business, kitten. Run along now. I'll see you at luncheon."

When Gloria had closed the door he turned to me. "About that job," he said. "I need someone like you."

"I'm not interested, Ringo," I said. But as I said it I knew it didn't ring true.

"I need you, Dolan. Or someone like you. I've been looking for a man like you simply to take over some of the messy details, to be on hand when he's needed. When I heard the way you operated last night I thought you might do. Now that I've seen you, I'm sure of it. Besides, I've checked on you." He took a notebook from his hip pocket, thumbed through it for a moment, then put it back in his pocket.

"All right, Dolan," he went on, "you're thirty-one years old. Right?" I said nothing. He smiled. "You were born in a two-bit town called Amasa, in West Virginia. When you finished high school you spent approximately a year and a half in the

Merchant Marine, then jumped ship in Tangiers. You were picked up several months later by British authorities and implicated in a gun-running operation between there and Saudi Arabia. You beat that rap—probably because of your tender years—but you were sent home. I lose track of you for a while.

"You enlisted in the infantry in 1941. You were in the fighting on Guadalcanal. You won a Silver Star for gallantry in action there and you were subsequently evacuated stateside with a hole in your chest from a Jap hand grenade. They patched you up and you eventually made the big drop into Normandy with the 101st Airborne. You were given a battlefield commission soon after this. During the defense of Bastogne by the 101st your platoon was cut off and slashed to pieces. Those of you left alive were taken prisoner by the Germans."

He took the notebook from his pocket again. He thumbed through it. "Let's see. Oh, here. I lose you for almost a year after the war, Dolan. But here—here's the part I like best. You must have decided to settle down there. The next line I've got on you is in New York. An Army friend of yours—a colonel—had given you a job in his advertising agency. You fell in love with and married a model—and a beautiful one, too—" He checked his notebook. "—Randall, her name was. Dusty Randall. Things went along smoothly for a while. But you couldn't stand the routine of a steady, respectable job, Dolan. The old, old story. You began drinking a little too much. You became suspicious of your wife and jealous of the fact that she was making three times as much money as you."

"One night you got back from an out-of-town trip twelve hours earlier than you were expected. You opened the door of your apartment. The ex-colonel, your boss, your benefactor, was sitting in your favorite chair. He was wearing the dressing-gown your wife had given you the Christmas before. He was drinking your whisky. Your wife Dusty was asleep, or passed out, on the studio couch in the living-room. She was naked. You almost, but not quite, killed your benefactor, the ex-colonel, with your fists."

"Before you'd even got your divorce you went back into the Army. You were sent to Korea, badly wounded, hospitalized for more than a year—and here we are."

I realized that my teeth were clenched. I could feel a vein throbbing in my forehead. The stuff he'd given me wasn't a hundred-percent true. But it was all close enough to hurt.

"How—"

Ringo interrupted me. "I had your wallet, don't forget, Dolan. Your Army discharge, and so on. Names and addresses. Don't you ever throw anything away?" He waved his notebook. "The rest of this information took exactly three long-distance calls. I've got friends here and there, you know. It's my business to know everything about everybody in Carter County, Dolan. And that's why I'm in power, Dolan! Because knowledge plus strength is power! And if you come with me you'll share this power!"

I shrugged and turned to the window.

I saw Gloria Ringo walking down the wide lawn toward the river. A breeze was rippling her hair. At the sight of her proud body and her rhythmical walk, a warmth crept over my body and I made up my mind. I turned to Ringo.

"I'll take your job," I said.

Ringo went to his desk, scribbled something on a pad, tore the sheet off, and handed it to me. "Take this to Al Hastings—in town," he said. "He'll take care of you. I'll call you when I need you."

I took the note, stuffed it into a pocket, and left Ringo's office. Halfway down the dark hall I sensed, rather than heard, someone behind me. I turned. Billy stood in the shadows at the far end of the hall.

"Hello, hero." She gave me a big smile.

"What are you doing here?"

She stared at me. "I'm his ever-loving wife, that's what. Ringo's. I'm Mrs. Rand Ringo. Pretty name, isn't it? Packs a lot of wallop."

I'd had enough for one day. I got out of there.

AL HASTINGS ran a real estate and personal loan company in town—and I supposed that belonged to Ringo, too. Ringo had called in before I got to Hastings' office. Hastings gave me the VIP treatment. He yes-sirred me out of his office and into his car and for three miles out of town and down a clay road through an orange grove. At the end of the clay road was a little bungalow nestled right into the edge of the grove and it was fronted by a narrow lawn that sloped to the shore of a lake.

"Here it is," Hastings said. "Mr. Ringo says you're to stay here as long as you want."

I had a peaceful, contented feeling just looking at it. My wheels were spinning. A place like this, I was thinking, with the right sort of a woman to go with it, and the right sort of a job, and . . .

I pinched these thoughts in the bud. Dolan, Dolan, I thought. You know all about this thing called domestic bliss. Remember? Remember Dusty sprawled drunk and naked on her back on that couch with her arms over her head?

Hastings was looking at me curiously. "Like the place?"

"It'll do," I told him.

"You'll find everything you need here. Come on inside."

There wasn't much to it, but there was all I needed—and more. Mostly front room, with a big fireplace, a Capehart combination radio and phonograph, and shelves of books and records. An all-electric kitchen, a big bedroom and bath on the front of the house, a small bedroom and bath on the back. It was perfect. There was even beer in the refrigerator. I opened a can for Hastings and one for myself. We went back into the front room.

"I don't want to forget this," Hastings said. He groped in a pocket for a fat wallet, cracked it, pawed out a slip of paper, and handed it to me. It was a deposit slip from the Cartersville Farmers' Exchange Bank. A single entry on the slip showed that five thousand dollars had been deposited in a checking account in my name.

I played it straight, dead pan.

Hastings sounded disappointed. "That's an advance on your salary, Mr. Ringo said to tell you."

"It'll do," I said, "for a while."

We went back to town then. I gathered my gear from Cartersville's Home Away From Home, tossed my bag in the back seat of my Ford, and headed for my new home. I had no orders to report to anyone or to do anything. As a matter of fact I didn't even know what I was supposed to do when the time came. I decided to just let it ride. I stopped off in a grocery store and stocked up on provisions and supplies. Then I went home, got the boat—a fourteen-foot runabout—into the lake, picked a casting rod and reel from the half-dozen in the closet, gassed the 5-h.p. Johnson kicker, and took off down the lake.

I fished lazily, absorbing the peace and the beauty of the spot. In a couple of hours I had taken six bass averaging, I guessed, four pounds.

It was getting dark and I cranked the outboard and headed home. I beached the boat and covered it with a tarp I found in the bow. I went to the house, turned up the lights, found an LP recording of the Toscanini version of Beethoven's Ninth, started it, and turned it up loud enough to hear in the kitchen. I'd found bourbon in a kitchen cabinet. I cracked



"Wake up, bum," he said, as he slapped me across the face with his wet towel.

a jug of it and made a tall highball with plenty of ice and not too much water, and started cleaning my fish.

I finished my drink, made another, turned the Beethoven over and had a hot shower. I dressed in soft moccasins, a pair of old and faded G.I. slacks, and a T-shirt. I was feeling good. I was thinking about a third highball to nurse while I cooked my fish and made coffee and a salad, when I heard a knock at the door.

I opened the door. It was Billy Ringo. "Come in," I said.

This time she was dressed in some sort of a flaring peasant skirt and her hair was caught up in the back with that ribbon again and lots of smooth, tanned skin showed above the blouse she was wearing. I grinned at her as I pulled the shades.



Virgie was waiting for me, ready to go to work. I got out of there fast.

"After all, the boss's wife—" I said. Her voice was flat. "You're going to stay here? In this lousy town?"

"I might like it here."
"You're a fool, Dolan!"
"Could he. Drink?"

She nodded. She sat on the sofa and I went to the kitchen, made a drink for her and a fresh one for myself.

I took the drinks into the front room, tuned the juke down so that the music was a muted background, watched Billy gulp her drink, and said, "You don't seem to think much of this section of the country. If you don't like it here, why don't you leave?"

Her voice was flat. "Because it's too late for me to leave. It's not too late for you to leave, but it will be for you too—if you stick around."

I grinned. "I'm a big boy, mother."
She went on in that flat, detached voice.

"You won't believe me. You think I sound as if I were reading lines from a third-rate bleeder. Let me tell you this, pal. I've tried leaving. The first time I left he had me picked up in Miami Beach ten hours later. The next time I got as far as New York. He had men waiting at the plane at La Guardia. He beat me that time, Dolan. He whipped me. And he told me that if I ever tried leaving again he'd kill me."

She started sobbing.

"For God's sake, Billy," I said. I went to her. I couldn't help it. "Billy, for God's sake—" I sat beside her. She turned to me. I wanted to stroke those tears away and I knew that I could surely do it. I wanted her in my arms but I knew she was poison. I stood and crossed the room to the bottle. I slopped bourbon into my glass and started it to my lips. Billy was beside me, tugging at me, turning me towards her, glomming onto me. I lifted her into my arms and took her into my bedroom. And when, later, I turned on the light and looked at her the fear had gone from her eyes and she looked at me sleepily and said, "You're my kind of a guy, Dolan."

And then we both heard it together, the crackling noise of a small branch breaking—just outside the bedroom window. There was an inch-and-a-half between the bottom of the shade and the window sill. Billy stifled a scream. I groped for my slacks, then on the dresser for my .45 and a flashlight. I ran for the porch.

But I was too late. The row of azaleas that grew under the bedroom window had been pretty well trampled. Heavy footsteps, men's footsteps, were in the azalea bed. But whoever it was had gone.

After Billy left I made myself a quick sandwich and poured a glass of milk. Then I showered again, stuck my .45 under my pillow, and went to bed.

I WAS pretty jumpy the next day. I imagined that word had gotten back to Ringo that his wife had been with me. I was geared for trouble and I wondered why it didn't come. Ringo called me three days later, on a Friday. He wanted to see me. His voice was friendly, casual. Perhaps he didn't know about Billy.

"Sit down, Dolan," Ringo said. He shoved a package of Camels at me. I took

one, lighted it carefully and sat down.

"In the quarters east of town there's a colored man named Sam Foster," he said.

I waited, watching him.

"Sam runs our bolita game out there. Do you understand bolita?"

"Numbers, isn't it?"

"It's our most profitable"—Ringo smiled—"shall we say, sideline? It's sometimes known as nighthouse. We have five houses in the county. Sam Foster runs one of them. There's a separate throwing every night at each of the five houses. You can buy your ticket for the throwing at any or all of the houses. You bet a number from one through a hundred. A dollar on a winning number will get you seventy."

"Nice odds," I said. "For the house."

"We're not in this business for our health," Ringo said. "And it's plenty big. Like all numbers rackets, bolita thrives on the underprivileged and the ignorant. Unfortunately Carter County has more than its share of the underprivileged and the ignorant."

"Now the Dade County boys and the Orange County boys have had their eyes on us for a long time. They're big, well-organized groups—both members of nationwide syndicates. The Dade County mob takes its orders from the present bosses of the old Capone regime. So far, I've been able to keep them off. It hasn't been easy and it hasn't been cheap. I've had to buy some pretty important politicians in this state. But there's going to be trouble, Dolan."

"I've been in trouble before. Plenty."

"All right. About the bolita, I said that there was a throwing every night at each of the five houses. Here are the mechanics of the throwing: it's done in the presence of as many players as want to be on hand. A hundred wooden balls, each one no bigger than a big marble, numbered one to a hundred, are dumped—while the players watch—into a cloth bag. The bag is sealed. The house man tosses the bag to one of the players. The player fingers the balls—through the cloth—until he's got one that feels good. The house man ties it off from the others, cuts it away—and there's your winning number."

"Any rigging?" I asked.

"It's possible," Ringo said. "A good house man can palm a number that has gotten a big play. There are two or three other methods—" Ringo cleared his throat. "About Sam Foster."

"I'm listening," I said.

"Sam has always done a good job for us out there. He's made us a lot of money. But Sam has gotten a lot of funny ideas lately. He's been reading the wrong kind of literature; he's been talking to the wrong kind of people. He's gotten some sort of a biggity idea that the people around here are being taken advantage of. He won't rig his game. He won't take bets from those he thinks can't afford to bet. His receipts have fallen off out there—"

"Why don't you just can him? Get yourself a new bolita boy?" I asked.

"I'm surprised at you, Dolan. The Negroes all love Sam Foster out there. If I let Sam Foster go and put another man

in his place I believe they would refuse to play bolita. I'm really surprised at you.

"I've got something special in mind for Sam Foster, if he doesn't stop breeding unhappiness out there. But for now, you go out and throw the fear of God into him. Dolan, in a nice, refined way. A hint should be enough."

I stood up, thankful for a chance to get out of there.

"Let me know how you make out," Ringo said.

SAM FOSTER's house in the quarters was small but neat. I knocked at his door. A big sad-eyed man, quite dark and no longer young, opened the door.

"Sam Foster?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm Dolan. I work for Mr. Ringo."

I didn't quite know how to start. The quietness, the dignity, the self-possession of this big man with the sad and knowing eyes was throwing me for a loss.

Before I could stop myself I said, "What are you doing in this rotten racket, Sam?"

Foster grinned, showing white, even teeth. "I could ask you the same question maybe, Mr. Dolan."

"All right, Sam," I said, "I'll lay it on the table. Mr. Ringo says you're talking when you ought to be listening. He says you're stirring up the people out here. He wants you to cut it out."

His eyes were veiled with trouble. "Mr. Dolan, I'm a peace-loving man. I don't want no trouble. But a man has to do what he thinks is right. If he don't, he's lost. My folks out here need help. They're going to play bolita, Mr. Dolan. At least until they're educated out of it. But with me running the game out here, they're going to get a square deal—as square as the game allows."

I stood. "You won't take my warning?"

He shook his head mournfully.

"Foster, you're a damned fool."

He looked me straight in the eyes.

"Mr. Dolan, your heart and your tongue don't meet."

I went home thinking about that one.

I CALLED Ringo the next day and told him I'd seen and warned Sam Foster. When he asked me about Sam's reaction I hedged. I don't know why I hedged—but I did. I told him I was pretty sure Sam would straighten out and fly right. I asked him if he had any more orders and he laughed at me. "We never hurry down here. I know where to find you when I need you. Take it easy. Relax."

I went home and went back to my record playing, my reading, my fishing, and my swimming. Relax, the man had said. Those were my orders and I tried to comply. But after a few days of this I was restless, lonesome. I had plenty on my mind. And first and foremost was Gloria Ringo. I knew that I must see her again, hear her speak, touch her, make her come alive.

And so I went to Ringo's on the slight chance that I might see her alone. I ran in luck.

Ben met me at the door. "Mr. Ringo's gone to Miami on business," he told me. "Don't know when he'll be back. Mr.

Ringo, he comes and he goes. Miz Ringo, she taken off after lunch, didn't say when she'd be back."

"And Miss Gloria?" I tried to throw the line away.

"Miss Gloria, she went on up to the stables. Had her riding britches on. Reckon she taken one of her horses out."

"Oh, it's hoped I didn't sound too disappointed. I turned to leave."

Ben waited until I was out on the lawn. "Got some pretty good hosses up there in the stables. It's near about all Miss Gloria and Early the stable boy can do to keep them hosses exercised."

"All right, Ben." I grinned at him.

"Miss Gloria, she likes to ride that away." He waved a skinny arm, then ducked into the house.

I wasn't dressed for it and I hadn't been aboard a horse for ten years—but these were minor matters. The stable boy was asleep on a bale of hay. I shook him awake. I told him that I was a friend of Mr. Ringo's and that Ben had suggested I take one of the horses out.

When he had bridled and saddled an elderly looking gelding I swung aboard in what I hoped was a competent manner. "Miss Gloria say which way she was going?"

"Nossir."

Ben had waved toward the river and south. A well-traveled trail outside the corral led in that general direction. I took it.

Fresh marks of hoofs were in the soft soil of the winding trail and I knew that Gloria was somewhere ahead of me.

The trail forked. The hoof marks went left and I followed them. The ground rose gently, and suddenly I was in a clearing on a bluff overlooking the winding river. The weather-whitened bones of a house lay sprawled around the half-crumbled field stone fireplace and chimney in the middle of the clearing. I dismounted, looped the reins to a branch of a wild orange tree, and walked around the clearing. Beyond the clearing the trail disappeared into forest again. My leg was stiff from the riding I'd done and I decided to walk for a while.

Just off a sharp turn of the trail I saw a horse, unbridled, unsaddled—but with saddle marks on him—picking at grass under a giant live oak. I could smell water, fresh and sweet, and then I could hear it running. I was in ferns, now—head high, fragrant, damp.

I moved slowly, cautiously. Suddenly, through an opening in the ferns, I saw the moss-grown remains of a cypress spring house. Water, fresh and clean, ran sparkling from its ruined entrance. I took another step forward and caught my breath; I froze to the spot.

The water from the spring ran downhill over a limestone bed and formed a pool. About fifty feet across and thirty feet long. The water in the middle was dark and green and it looked deep. Blood-red hibiscus clamored for attention on the far side of the pool. But they were out-classed. On my side of the pool, ankle-deep in water, in profile to me, stood Gloria Ringo. She was naked. Her hair hung wet and shining to the proud column of her neck, and water glistened from her lovely body—and I wished then

that I had never come looking for her. I felt old, and dirty, and ruined, and I knew that I must go, but I couldn't tear my eyes away. I watched her as she poised to dive. She split the water cleanly and swam in long, easy strokes toward the other side of the pool.

When she was halfway across I turned to leave. I cursed my clumsiness as I stepped squarely on a dead limb; it made a cracking noise as it broke. I looked back, into Gloria's frightened eyes, and I said—fumbling for words like a school-boy on his first date—"I didn't know. I'm sorry—"

She was treating water in the middle of the pool. I was amazed then to see and hear her laugh. "Why are men so clumsy?" she said. "And how did you get here?"

I relaxed and grinned at her. "All men are clumsy when they're caught peeking through keyholes. I followed you here—it was Ben's idea. I had no idea I would find you in—"

She smiled. "In the altogether? Now you know my secret. This is my favorite spot—I come here as often as I can. Don't just stand there gawking. Go away. Go back to the clearing. When I'm dressed I'll see you there. We'll ride back together."

"All right," I left.

I took off my shirt and let the sun beat hot on my back as I waited for her by the ruins of the old house. And as I waited I marveled at the difference in Gloria's personality when she was away from that ungodly hulk of a house, away from her father. The other times I had seen her she had seemed half-awake. Now she was vitally alive.

She wore jodhpurs and a white blouse, and the translucent skin of her arms and neck and face glowed with health and well-being and cleanliness. She dismounted and let her horse go free to forage the grass in the clearing. She sat beside me on a fallen beam.

"Gloria," I said, "I want to tell you something—and I want you to believe me. When I first saw you today—I couldn't breathe. I felt that I was seeing something that I was unworthy of seeing."

She put a hand to my mouth. Her eyes were soft and shining and her full lips were slightly parted. I swept her hand from my mouth and I slid from the beam to the heavy, sweet-smelling grass beside it, and I pulled her with me. As I pressed my lips to hers something, somewhere inside me, was saying, *Dolan, don't do it, don't do it*, and I knew that wild horses couldn't keep me away from her. I felt Gloria's nails pierce the flesh of my shoulders but it didn't hurt and then the world spun to a stop on the last note of Gloria's cry and we lay trembling in each other's arms.

"Come on," she said. She took my hand and together we returned to the spring pool in the forest and we stripped again, and plunged together into the cool, refreshing water. We swam and dived and played, laughing like kids, and when my breath came short I pulled myself from the pool to a shady, grassy ledge beside it and Gloria joined me. She started to speak, then clung to me as if she

BOOK BONUS

would never let me go as I hushed her lovely mouth with a kiss.

THE place known simply as Adele's was eighteen miles from Cartersville, and the last eight or ten miles of the eighteen were over a rutted clay road. Nobody could get in unless he was known or unless he had a letter from Adele, Rand Ringo, or one of the regulars.

The area around Adele's was a hunting preserve. It was a hunting preserve, all right, because there was a sign over the heavy gate at the entrance that read: SEMINOLE ROD AND GUN CLUB. PRIVATE—KEEP OUT! and the whole area was heavily fenced.

Adele and her girls had entertained some pretty important people, it was said. Some pretty influential men in the state—friends of Ringo's—and on one occasion even a governor of the state. Not that Ringo kept the place there just to entertain his friends. It was there to make money. And make money it did. Adele was a good madam.

But Ringo wasn't especially satisfied with the way things were going at Adele's. "Call it a routine checkup, perhaps," he said to me. "Call it anything you'd like. But there's something going on out there that I want to know about. For one thing, Adele's been drinking a lot lately. And

the receipts are 'way off. But these things are minor. I've been informed that a couple of the Dade County boys have been seen sucking around out there recently. Go out and see what you can find out." He wrote me a note that would get me through the gate.

It was a pleasant spot, built along the order of some beach and mountain resorts I had seen.

I went into the main building. There was a desk in the small entrance hall and I was asked to register. Ringo had thought I might operate better under an assumed name. Adele had never seen me but she might have heard of me. He'd called me Danton in the note I'd given the gatekeeper. I registered as such. The pimply desk clerk asked me if I planned to spend the night and I told him I did. He assigned me to a cabin. I took the key, stowed my gear in the cabin he'd given me, and went back to the main building.

Half of the downstairs was living-room. There was a bar in a small room off the dining-room. The girls and Adele lived upstairs.

The sun was setting and it was time for a drink. Two couples shared a booth opposite one end of the bar. I sat at a stool at the other end of the bar and ordered Old Forester and water from the barkeeper. A girl came in, sat at the other end of the short bar, and ordered a rum and coke. She was a pretty little thing—dark, very shapely, with smoldering, resentful eyes and a mouth that was a brilliant slash against a dead-white face. I signaled the bartender that the rum and coke was mine.

"All right, good-looking," she said. "Thanks." She walked towards me.

"The pleasure is mine," I said.

"You want to go upstairs, good-looking?"

I grinned at her. "Don't rush me."

"You spending the night at this joint?"

I nodded.

"Ask for me if you want me. Virgie Lupfers."

"I'll keep you in mind, Virgie." Her hand shook as she gulped down the rum and coke. I ordered her another one.

Virgie said, "Sometimes I get all wound up, and things start churning around inside, like broken gears. Usually between

Billie's throat had been slashed, and my razor lay in a pool of blood beside her.

the second and third drink—after that it's all right."

"You've been working too hard," I grinned at her. "What you need is a vacation. How'd you like to fly down to Havana with me for a week-end sometime?"

She looked as if she was about to cry then, and I suddenly realized how very young she was. "Adele wouldn't let me go."

"Does she own you?"

Her eyes were mournful. "Would you believe me if I said she did?"

I shrugged. "I want to meet Adele, anyway. I've heard a lot about her. Maybe I'll speak to her about that little trip."

"Adele don't come down much anymore. She's been sick, or something. Nobody's seen much of her lately, not counting this big old sheriff, Loy Bailey. Him and Adele sit up there in her place and talk and argue for hours."

It might be a lead, I thought. I played it slow and easy. "Yeah? Funny place for a sheriff to hang out. You say you've heard them talking?"

She stared at me. "You're sort of curious, ain't you?"

"Forget it. Have another drink."

Her face softened. "Sure. And forget what I just said, good-looking. I don't mind telling you what they argue about. Just this and that. It don't make sense anyway. Things about bolita and boot-legging, just for instance. How the rackets should be run."

I ordered another rum and coke for her. "Hear anything else?"

She grabbed for her drink. "Oh, they had a dandy here a week or so ago. Adele must have been drunk. I never heard her roar and rant so. I like to have felt sorry for poor old Loy, and him trying to shush her up. 'Ringo,' she kept screaming. 'Ringo! All I hear is Ringo! When are you going to do something?'"

I grinned at her. I had my lead. And if it went where I thought it went it would finish Loy Bailey.

"Let's go meet Adele," I said.

Virgie and I went upstairs. In the dark upstairs hall she stopped suddenly, wheeled, and threw herself against me, her thighs hard against mine. Her fingers dug into my shoulders. "Don't forget now, good-looking. You want me tonight, I'll be waiting. You just ask for me. Virgie. Virgie Lupfers."

Adele must have been, at one time, a very beautiful woman. Take away the hardness, now, and the puffiness around her eyes and the blatancy of her hennaed hair, and she still wasn't bad. I had been introduced by Virgie simply as her friend. Adele waved her hand toward the portable bar in a corner of the living-room. She seemed fairly drunk.

"You do the honors, please, Mr.—"

"Danton, ma'am. What shall I make you?"

"Martini, please. Six to one. And no more 'Ma'ams, please.'"

I busied myself at the bar. The remains of a Martini were in the cocktail shaker. I poured them out and built a new one.

"Please sit down, Mr. Danton."

I sat in a chair and she arranged herself, a little unsteadily, on a davenport.



"You've come to find out about Virgie Lufers?"

That was as good as anything. I nodded.

"I admire a man who wants to know what he's buying. It proves that he's smart, discriminating. About Virgie. I think you'll like Virgie. She's quite young—she came to me two years ago when she was sixteen—young, but very passionate. And she has a lovely, firm young body."

"You've recommended Virgie. That's good enough for me." I'd decided to try a little flattery. "You've got a pretty fine reputation, Adele." I filled her glass. "I've always heard that you ran the best place in the state. I'm surprised to find you involved in an operation as small as this one."

I'd hit some kind of pay dirt with that. Adele went tense, catlike. "Did you come to see me to talk about that girl?"

"I was groping in the dark. 'Maybe.'"

"Where are you from, Mr. Danton?"

"Around."

"Such as where?"

"Such as Miami Beach, for one place."

"And such as Chicago, for another place?"

"Perhaps." I was flying blind. But I was remembering Ringo's statement about the Dade County boys and how they would love to move in on him.

"Damn it, Danton, say what you came here to say!"

"I'm just making conversation, Adele. I'm simply saying that you could go places with the right connections. This could be a real uptown joint with the right backing. No more of this small-time, chicken—"

"That did it. Her eyes flashed. 'I don't know who sent you here, Danton. But I can find out. And I've got a pretty good idea who it was, anyhow! And I'll tell you the same thing I told the other two mugs that were hanging around here last week! You go back to your people in Miami Beach and tell them that Adele is doing all right!'"

I had found out exactly nothing—except that Adele didn't care for the boys from Dade County. On the other hand, perhaps she was playing hard to get. Waiting. If she was leveling with Ringo, why hadn't she told him that the boys from down the state were making passes at her? If I wasn't adding two and two and getting five, then she and Loy Bailey had plans for knocking over Ringo. Or she had plans and was trying to sell them to Loy. The arguments between them that Virgie had overheard could mean little else.

I said softly, "Now don't get upset again, Adele. It's bad for your stomach. Just relax and bear me out. The man down there is a sportsman. A regular Abercrombie and Fitch sort of a guy. You know, very high class. Likes everything real nice. He's interested in acquiring a hunting preserve in this county. This one, or one just like it, with you running it. There's a rumble around that you might be interested in a deal. Later, that is."

Her eyes were wary. "What do you mean—later?"

I grinned at her. "You're pretty friendly with a man named Loy Bailey, aren't

you, Adele? Maybe I ought to talk to Bailey."

"Him!" she shouted. "That stupid jerk! Listen, mister, I'm the one who'll be—" she choked it off with an ugly, gurgling sound. "Get out of here! Hit the road, you cheap hood!"

She was heading for the Martini pitcher when I left her. Whether to throw it at me or build another drink I didn't know. But I would have bet on the former. There was no doubt in my mind that she and Bailey had plans to take over the county. And Adele was smart enough to know what I was thinking. And when she'd called the gatekeeper to check on me, when she'd found out that my note was from Ringo, my life wouldn't be worth much around this particular health resort. I rigged a quick excuse for the desk clerk, paid my bill, and went to my cabin for my bag. Virgie was there, ready to go to work. I told her I had to leave. "Take me with you. For God's sake take me with you!"

I wrenched her arms from around my neck.

"I'm sorry, kid," I said.

I got out of there fast.

The information I had was red hot. I knew that I should pass it along to Ringo. Adele would certainly tell him that I knew too much. But I was greedy. I had information that would blow this organization sky-high. And I tried to figure how to use it best to my own advantage. I decided to sit on it for a few days, be extremely careful, and see what happened.

When I reported to Ringo I told him I'd talked with Adele, that she'd been on a booze kick, all right—but that he didn't have a thing to worry about as far as her playing ball with the Dade County boys. He seemed satisfied. As a matter of fact, he asked me on an outing.

"How long has it been since you've seen a cockfight?"

"Quite a while." I said. As a matter of fact I'd raised them, pitted them, and handled them myself when I was a high-school kid back in West Virginia.

"I have a pit at my place down the river. We're running an eight-cock derby down there on Sunday afternoon. The best of my pit stock will be there."

GLORIA and Billy had gone when I arrived at Ringo's on Saturday; they were making the trip down the river in Gloria's speedboat. Ringo and I made the trip in my Ford.

That evening we sat around drinking and Ringo abused Billy in front of Gloria and me.

Billy didn't show up for the late breakfast the next morning. Gloria had eaten earlier and was on the river. Ringo and I finished breakfast and went to the cockpit.

Ringo's cocks had been brought up from Cartersville in a truck by a man introduced to me as Fee. Fee showed me the stock he'd brought for the day's pittings—likely looking Roundheads, fit and aggressive. He saved the best until last:

"Right here's the boss-man's favorite," he said, "and well he should be. The finest, airiest gamecock in the Southeast,

at least. Osceola, the boss-man calls him."

I made the rounds, listening to the talk, sizing up cocks that looked like good bets. I found one man—a sharp-eyed, gnarly little old cracker with a squirrely way of moving—who had a truckload of chickens that caught my fancy, they were Pure Law Grays. The little old man was trying to heel one of his cocks and he was having a tough time of it; one of his hands was heavily bandaged.

"Hold him steady," I said. I was surprised how quickly it all came back to me. I wrapped the spurs quickly and neatly and I took the needle-pointed gaffs from their leather case and I fitted the leather bases of the gaffs over the spurs. Then I bound them firmly to the cock's horny legs. The little man tested them. His face warmed.

"Son, I'm mighty obliged to you."

I grinned at him. "Glad to give you a hand."

"A hand is just what I needed. Snagged this one on a barbed wire fence three days ago. Thought nothing of it until she started swelling up on me the middle of last night."

"I'll be around to help you."

"Son, that's mighty nice of you. You're hired, O.D. Bigelow's the name, from Tifton, Georgia."

"Dolan, O.D. And I'm doing it for fun."

"All right, son. See that shake there at the left of the trucked?"

I nodded.

"That shake will go six pounds seven ounces, and there ain't an ounce of fat on him. He's all heart and pecker. That cock means more to me than anything."

The first fight had started while I was heeling Bigelow's cocks.

I sat in the bleachers. The bets were conservative—ten, twenty, or thirty dollars—and I knew they'd get bigger as the excitement rose.

Billy had joined her husband and they sat together in the bleachers. Cockfighting was apparently not Gloria's dish—she didn't show.

It looked like a good fight and I wanted to see it. But Bigelow's Gray shake—the one he was so proud of—was on next and I had to heel him. On the way back to Bigelow's truck I stopped by the board to see if the match had been made. It had—with Ringo's Osceola.

Bigelow held the shake while I strapped his spurs and heeled him. He was a fighter. I could feel it in his quiet tenseness. The old man was babbling a little incoherently about his bird. I watched him carefully, then saw him stagger and almost fall. I picked the Gray shake from the ground and laid him across my left arm. I faced the old man.

"I'm going to handle this bird for you," I said.

"Good luck to you, son. Good luck."

I went to the pit. Ringo was there with his Roundhead shake. He was going to handle him himself, as Fee had said that he might. His eyes went wide as he saw me, then hard, narrow, vicious. "All right, Dolan," he said as I approached him. "I don't know what you're trying to prove—but you're going a little too far!" He turned from me and faced the

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bleachers. "I've got five thousand dollars that says this cock is a winner," he said. "I'm offering five thousand dollars at five to three. They're not takers."

"Bill your birds!" the referee said. Ringo met me in the center of the pit and we billed the cocks.

"I won't make another offer. Is there a taker?"

I couldn't stand it any longer. "Sure, I'll take it," I said.

Ringo whirled. "How much of it?"

"All of it."

Somebody in the crowd laughed happily. Ringo's face was a mask of rage.

"Do you want more?"

I shrugged. "Name it."

"Double it. Ten to five!"

I grinned. The five grand I was betting was the five grand Ringo had advanced me.

"You're on," I said.

"Pit your cocks!"

The Gray raced straight for the Roundhead. The Roundhead, having won all its previous fights, was perhaps not as eager as the Gray. The Gray flew at him and the two cocks shot into the air, shuffling.

I spent the twenty-second rest period before the next pitting dousing the Gray's head with water, stroking his back to ease him, slapping his head to madden him.

"Pit!"

The Roundhead, flushed with success, again broke on top as the two cocks shot in the middle of the pit. They came down shuffling, angling against the wall of the pit. They rolled in the dirt and the call came to handle. The Roundhead had buried a gaff in the Gray's neck this time, just above the breastbone. The Gray was in bad shape.

"Pit!"

The Gray staggered, dead game, toward the Roundhead. The Roundhead met him and the Gray tried to shoot but couldn't make it and fell back onto the ground.

Then suddenly, unbelievably, the Gray refused to let himself die. He got one leg under him, then the other—and wobbled to his feet.

And then the Gray shot valiantly to meet the Roundhead's shuffle. The two cocks went three feet into the air and seemed to hang there. And then they hit the ground in a welter of flying feathers and blood and one of the Gray's gaffs was buried in the Roundhead's head and the Roundhead was dead.

The crowd poured into the pit and the first among them was O. D. Bigelow and the second among them was Billy Ringo. The old man cradled his Pure Law Gray to his chest and the tears poured down his leathery cheeks. Billy stood beside me and her breath came in quick gasps and savage triumph was naked on her face. Ringo walked across the pit and faced me. His lips were drawn in a smile, and his eyes spelled murder.

"All right, Dolan. It was a good fight. You'll have my check in the morning."

I DIDN'T see Ringo again that night. I left right after the cockfight with Bigelow—I'd made arrangements with

an acquaintance of his to take care of his trucks and gamecocks—and I didn't go home until I'd put him under a doctor's care in the Cartersville hospital.

When I got home the telephone rang. It was Sam Foster, Ringo's bolita man. He wanted to see me right away. I told him to come right out.

Sam's face was deeply troubled as I showed him into the front room. He didn't waste any words. He shoved a typewritten letter at me. I motioned him to a chair. Took the letter, sat down and read it:

Sam Foster: You will be out of Carter County, for good, by sundown the evening of August Six. This is the only warning you will have. Head it or before sundown August Seven you'll be dead.

The Committee of Twelve.

August six was the next day.

"What will you do?" I asked Sam.

He stared at me. "What would you do, Mr. Dolan?"

"I'd get out of town. Out of the county. For good."

He was slow in answering me. "I somehow don't think you would. You ain't running now, are you? And I hear you're in trouble with Mr. Ringo."

"You think Ringo sent this letter to you?"

"He had it sent."

"Why?"

"Those things I was doing, or wasn't doing, that he sent you out to warn me about."

"Damn it, Sam, what is it you want of me?"

"Talk to Mr. Ringo. About me."

"You know how I stand with Ringo."

"Maybe you got some way of getting back in good with him. Maybe you got something to trade."

I looked at him and his eyes told me nothing.

Sam stood. "You won't try and help me, Mr. Dolan?"

I wanted to get him out of there. I wanted to tell him to leave me alone. But he stood there in my doorway and he looked at me with those sad and knowing eyes and he was like some huge, shadowy conscience and I said, "I'll do what I can, Sam."

"I sort of figured you would, Mr. Dolan. Right from the start."

And then he was gone and I was left cursing myself for nineteen kinds of a chicken-hearted damned fool.

I TRIED calling Ringo a half-dozen times the next day, and just after dark I made the trip out to his house on the chance that he might be there and was simply trying to avoid me.

I made my way to the front door of that monstrous monument to vulgar wealth and bad taste and I rang the doorbell. Ben answered it.

"Mr. Ringo in, Ben?"

Ben's eyes rolled. He seemed frightened. "I ain't seen Mr. Ringo since early this morning, Mr. Dolan, sir."

I said, "Ben, you're lying to me."

I thought of brushing the old man aside and having a look for myself but I decided against it. "All right Ben," I said.

"Will you ask Mr. Ringo to call me when

you see him? Tell him it's very important."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Dolan."

I turned and left him. Halfway between the house and my Ford was a banyan tree. I was almost past it when my name was spoken softly.

"Brad—"

I wheeled as Gloria stepped from under the banyan into the moonlight.

"I—I saw your car."

She was lovely and I wanted her in my arms, but she was troubled—and I had trouble enough. "Yes?" I said.

"Brad—"

And then she was in my arms, and her lips were soft and sweet against my own. Then she took my hand firmly, and led me across the shimmering lawn to the boathouse by the river. The speedboat coughed once, then purred, as I cast off the lines.

Twenty minutes later Gloria throttled down and nosed the boat gently toward the shoreline and I made it fast to the remains of a dock. A bluff loomed above us and I recognized it as the same one I'd seen before—and we climbed the hill and sat on the same ruined beam we'd sat on before.

It was hours later when I headed the boat home. Her head was nestled in the hollow of my shoulder. I wondered what more any man could want than such a woman beside him, forever. And I cursed myself for thinking these thoughts because I knew I could never completely belong to any other woman than Dusty until I had forgotten her, or until I had been shocked out of her.

I took Gloria to her door. The house was dark. She turned to me. "Thank you, my darling," she whispered. I hugged her with a kiss.

I drove slowly home, thinking hard. When I got home I was still deep in thought. I poured myself a stiff drink and took the drink into my bathroom to shower. Billy Ringo was there—on the floor. Her dress was torn and twisted around her thighs. She was no longer beautiful, because her throat had been cut, and my straight razor lay in a pool of blood beside her and she was very dead.

I knew then—once and for all—that I'd overstayed my welcome in Carter County. I closed the bathroom door to shut out the sight of Billy lying there in her own blood.

I sat down and tried to figure it out.

The first step, naturally, would be to call the law. And the law was Loy Bailey and company, and I almost felt like laughing as I thought of the chance I'd stand with them. Then I heard the sound of a car slithering to a stop, the slam of a car door, then the clomp of several pairs of heavy feet on the front porch, and a series of loud knocks.

I went to the door and opened it on Loy Bailey and two of his deputies.

"I've been expecting you," I said.

Bailey narrowed his pig eyes at me. "Why?"

"You answer that one, Loy," I said.

"I'll ask the questions, bum. You'll answer them. Billy Ringo's turned up missing. Ringo's out of town. The people out at Ringo's house have been told to

keep tabs on her when the boss is away."

"So why come here?"

"Don't hand me that crap."

I forced a grin, "I think I know now who trampled my azaleas. A peeping Tom, huh, Loy?"

Bailey fought to control himself. "So I saw you two in the sack. I needed something on you and I got it. How do you think Ringo's going to like it when he knows you've been sleeping with his wife? I've been saving that one, bum, until I really needed it."

"How's Adele, Loy? You two been having any long talks?"

Bailey's face paled. "Is Billy here, Dolan?"

"She's here, all right."

"Where?"

"In the bathroom."

"Keep an eye on him," Bailey told his deputies. He started to walk into the bathroom.

"You wouldn't walk in on a lady while she's in the bathroom, would you?" I said.

I watched to see if he'd knock. He did, but I couldn't tell whether he was doing it for my benefit or not. He waited a minute, then knocked again. He opened the door.

"No," he screamed.

His ugly face was bluish-green as he faced us. "See if he's clean," he shouted to his deputies, "then shackle him! He's cut her throat!"

The deputies relieved me of my pocket knife and my wallet, then handcuffed me. Loy called the corner, then crossed the room to me. His color had returned.

"You've had it, bum," he said. "You're all through." His shoulders twitched and he telegraphed the roundhouse right he threw at my chin, but my reflexes had been slowed by the course of events and the room seemed to explode in flashes of light before it went black.

I WOKE up in darkness, too, but I knew where I was because I'd been there before. The same slimy floor, the same stinking mattress.

The door to the cell block opened. The old jailer clumped down the corridor to my cell.

"Come on. The sheriff wants to talk with you."

He unlocked the cell door and swung it open. He kept one hand on the gun on his hip and motioned me toward the open cell-block door and followed me through it into the room beyond it. Loy Bailey and the two deputies who had been with him earlier were sitting there drinking coffee and waiting for me.

Bailey stood up. "Come on," he said to me. "Me and my associates here have got a couple of questions we'd like answered."

He crossed the room, opened a side door, and motioned me into the room beyond it. It was a small, low-ceilinged, bare room with peeling, discolored paper on its walls. A stained shade was drawn the length of the only window. There was one chair in the room. In front of the chair was a floodlamp. Across the room was a desk. On the desk were half a dozen eighteen- or twenty-inch pieces of ordi-

nary garden hose and a disconnected recording machine.

"Sit down, bum!"

There didn't seem to be much else to do. I sat in that chair and the light from that floodlamp bit into my eyes.

"That's better," Loy said. He sounded almost reasonable now. "You had any breakfast? Maybe you'd like a cup of coffee."

I nodded.

"Mallie!"

Mallie left the room and returned with a cup of steaming coffee. He handed it to Loy.

"We can't let a man go without coffee in the morning, can we, boys?" He said, "That wouldn't be nice, would it, boys?"

He threw the coffee in my face. It was hot enough to make me stifle a scream and for a split second the room was whirling black with red around the edges and I started out of that chair, swinging blindly but the bruising sting of a rubber hose across the side of my face and neck knocked me back into the chair.

"That might give you some kind of an idea who's boss farmer around here, bright boy. Why'd you kill her?"

"I want a lawyer."

"Why'd you kill her?"

"You know I didn't kill her, Bailey."

This time the rubber hose caught me across my chin and mouth and I tasted the saltiness of my blood and felt the swelling numbness of my lips.

"Hold off a minute, boss," Mallie said. He lit the stub of his cigar, puffed it a couple of times, then took it from between yellowed teeth and held it close to my bare arm.

"Ask him again, boss."

"Why'd you kill her, Dolan."

I said nothing.

Mallie ground the lighted butt into my forearm.

I smelled the sickening smell of burning flesh and the pain came in red and yellow and purple waves and my stomach twisted and knotted and I vomited.

"All right," Bailey said. "We'll put it this way. You didn't do it, you say. That right?"

I nodded.

"All right. Where were you last night?"

"Out. Just out, that's all."

Bailey slapped me across the face. "You remember the first time we picked you up? The time you started that brawl out at Joe's place? We fingerprinted you that night over at my office at the courthouse. You were passed out drunk on the bench in my office but we got your prints. The fresh prints on that straight razor beside Billy Ringo—the only prints on that razor—are yours, Dolan."

"So what?" I said.

"Damn you!" Bailey screamed. "A man can take just so much!" He swung on me with his rubber hose. I felt the first blow across my face to the marrow of my bones; the second was a dull, indifferent, impersonal sort of pain, and the third one didn't hurt at all. I felt myself slumping, then slipping from the chair to the floor, and then my only sensation was a vast, bruised tiredness.

I opened a swollen eye and stared at the pocked and splintery floor. My



He threw the hot coffee in my face, and the pain forced me out of the chair.

body ached and throbbed from head to toe. My throat felt choked with cotton and my mouth was brassy with the taste of old blood.

I heard, as if from far away, the voice of the fat deputy, Mallie. "What now, boss?"

"When he comes out of it take him back to his cell. Give him a chance to think it over. Then we'll bring him back. Next time I think he'll talk plenty."

"You know what I've been thinking, Loy?" Mallie said. "I been thinking that when the State tries this guy for murder there's bound to be some things brought out that ain't favorable to us."

"You're dumb, ain't you, Mallie?"

"Now wait a minute, Loy. What do you—"

"This bum will be shot down trying to escape. Only thing I'm waiting for is his confession. And after one more session in here I think I'll get it. I ain't had breakfast, boys, and I can't remember when I've been hungrier. Throw a basin of water on him and get him back to his cell. I might have time to work him over again today and I might not. It's going to be a busy day. And I'm going out to Ringo's fishing lodge tonight. That's between us. If anybody asks you, you won't know where I'm at. There's pretty apt to be some exciting things going on around town tonight—things a good sheriff has got no right to see, and I don't aim to be around to see them."

They left me alone the rest of the day. The day floated by on wings of fever and throbbing pain and dreams.

The old jailer brought me a tin dipper

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full of ice water. I pulled myself up shakily.

He stared at me for a moment. "Who you reckon killed her, son?"

"I wouldn't know. Somebody who wanted Billy Ringo out of the way, and me, too, and figured that was a good way of doing it. Two birds with one stone. Very sick. I don't know who wanted Billy dead. Loy Bailey wants me out of the way. And a woman called Adele. And maybe even Ringo."

The old man was frightened. "They're a bad lot," he half-whispered. "Bad! What'd they use on you today?"

"Hoses. And a lighted cigar butt."

"Bailey's got worse than that. Whips. Lighted matches under your nails. Ice picks. Turpentine where it hurts the worst. Castor oil. Bailey knows his business."

"I interrupted him. 'Spare me the details, pop. I've got troubles enough.'"

"And Ringo. He's the worst of the lot."

I stood and grasped the old man's shoulder. "Pop," I said quietly, "get me a lawyer."

He wrenched free of my grasp. "I can't get you no lawyer, boy." He shook his head as if to clear it. "They'd skin me alive—" He left the cell and closed the door behind him.

I lay back on my bunk. I was feeling better, stronger, but I felt that I must somehow preserve what strength I had to meet whatever might be coming next.

When I woke up the lights were on in the cell blocks and I was amazed to discover that I had slept the afternoon away.

Suddenly I heard a sound that puzzled me. I stood quietly listening to it. It was like the hum of a swarm of bees. And then, as it grew closer, the pattern of the hum changed, and I recognized, though I could not understand, the excited, shouted voices of men.

And then the old jailer burst excitedly into the cell block.

"Hear that, boy? It's a mob! It's the first mob I've seen in Cartersville in eleven years!"

"For me?" I asked.

"Hell, no! This mob don't want you. This mob wants Sam Foster. He's gone and raped a white woman. Young woman, pretty. Virgie Lupfers, her name is!"

Then I remembered Loy Bailey's words, the ones he'd spoken early that morning, the words he hadn't thought I'd hear:

"... It's going to be a busy day. And I'm going out to Ringo's fishing lodge tonight. There's pretty apt to be some exciting things going on around town tonight..."

I knew I had to get out of there. I called to the old jailer. He came over and I told him that Sam had been framed by Ringo.

"Ringo," He stared at me.

I talked quickly, desperately, because I knew now that the old man was my only chance.

He fumbled in his pocket for keys. I watched him, afraid to breathe. He reached a key toward the lock. Then his body sagged again. He dropped the hand

that held the key. "No. I'm an old man. It's all I got, this job. I can't do it, boy. I can't do it—"

The door to the cell block was not quite closed. Through the crack in the door came a rasping, shouting voice. I thought I recognized it as Mallie's.

"George! George—where are you?"

The old man's body straightened and he squared his shoulders.

"Yes, sir!" he shouted, and his voice was strong.

He turned quickly and opened the door to my cell. He stepped through the door. "The door'll lock when it's closed. I was bringing you water and you jumped me!"

I nodded.

He took the .38 special from the worn holster at his hip and handed it to me.

"For Ringo," he said.

I squeezed his thin old shoulder. Then I turned, stepped through the cell door and left him.

The cell-block door creaked angrily as I swung it open. Mallie was sitting at a desk opposite the door. He was reading a newspaper. As the door creaked he said, "Now damnit, George, when I—" and then he saw me standing in the doorway grinning at him and he saw the .38 leveled at his chest and his jaw dropped open and the cigar stub he held between his yellow teeth dropped to the desk.

"Keep your hands on the desk, Mallie,"

I said.

I crossed the room to him, still grinning.

"I'm glad you proved to me that a good cigar butt can come in handy, Mallie." I said. "I really am. Hold out your hand, Mallie."

He stared at me, then turned one hand over slowly, palm up, on the desk. The slimy butt on the desk was still burning. I picked it up, blew on the lighted end until it glowed red, then ground it into his palm.

He screamed.

"Step out here, Mallie," I said.

He stepped out, shakily, from behind the desk.

I frisked him. He was clean.

"All right. I know you've been getting reports. Have they got Sam Foster yet, Mallie?"

He shook his head.

"I'm going to ask you to do a couple of little favors for me, Mallie. You like me well enough to do a couple of favors for me, don't you?"

He nodded.

"Pick up the telephone. Ask the operator for the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Miami. It's all right. They're in all the phone books. Anybody can call them."

He did as he was told.

While the operator was putting the call through I gave him his instructions. "Tell them you're a deputy sheriff of Carter County—that you're calling for your boss, who's out of town. Tell them a mob has formed here, that it's completely out of hand, and that there's going to be violence—either a race riot, a lynching, or both! Ask them to get somebody up here—quick. Tell them we'll meet them—if we're able to—at the junction of the main highway and highway 606."

Mallie's voice broke as he spoke.

"Bailey'll kill me, Dolan. And if he don't, then Ringo will!"

I nudged his fat belly with the muzzle of the .38. "My nerves, Mallie. You don't want to forget my nerves."

The connection was made. Mallie started blurring out his business and was put through to a man named Carlton.

Carlton agreed to meet us.

Carlton hung up and Mallie fumbled his receiver to its cradle.

"Get going," I said.

"Where to?"

"Sam Foster's house. In a big hurry!"

We drove in one of the sheriff's cars.

We heard the disordered sound of the mob before we saw it.

THE streets were deserted, doors were shut, and windows were shuttered or blanked with shades. We slid to a hurried stop in front of Sam's house. Sam's living-room was lighted.

"Get in there," I told Mallie.

I didn't bother to knock. The door was unlatched and I threw it open, shoved Mallie through it, and followed him into the room. Sam rose. He looked at me and he said calmly, "I might of known you'd come, Mr. Dolan."

"It was close. And it'll get closer. Why did you wait, Sam?" I said.

"A man's got to face up to a thing, that's all. If I wasn't here when that mob got here they'd take it out on my people."

"Let me handle it, Sam."

"You won't get away with it, Dolan!" Mallie said.

I wheeled on him. I gave him the back of my hand across his loose face. He fell back. "Listen, you fathead—and listen good!" I told him. "You've got one chance of living to see the light of day. One chance! You're going out on that front porch and you're going to face that bunch of maniacs and make a little speech. Sam Foster and I are going to be with you. You're going to tell them that there's been a couple of big mistakes. You're going to tell them that there wasn't any rape—that the girl was drunk when she told her story and when she came out of it she admitted that she'd dreamed the whole thing up. She'd been buying bolts tickets from Sam, here, and she'd been losing more than she could afford and she and Sam had had some kind of an argument over money and she'd decided to get even with him."

"They'll ask you about me. You're going to tell them that your office let the word get around that I'd killed Billy Ringo so Bailey could catch the real killer with his pants down. And that Bailey nabbed the killer this afternoon and has a signed confession from him. When they want to know who it is, tell them you're not at liberty to say—that this information will have to come from Loy Bailey, himself. If anybody asks you what I'm doing here with you and Sam, you'll tell them I've been deputized by your office to help you see to it that an innocent man does not become a victim of mob violence."

Mallie's face was greenish-white. "You won't get away with it, Dolan!"

I grabbed his wet shirt and I brought his face close enough to mine to smell the

foul breath of him and I said, "You'll do what I said. You'll do it, by God, and you'll do it good, or you'll be dead!"

We could hear them now at the end of the road.

I loosened my grip on Mallie's shirt.

"Ready, Sam?" I asked.

"I'm ready, Mr. Dolan."

Sam was quiet for a moment. Then he said softly, "They're about out in front now. Mr. Dolan."

I PUT the .38 slowly into my right pants pocket. "I'll be standing on your left, Mallie," I said. "And I'll be standing close. There won't be more than ten inches between you and the business end of this gun. Let's go."

I'd timed it well. The first ten or twelve men in the ragged column were milling onto Sam's lawn. Mallie stepped through the front door onto Sam's porch. I followed him and Sam followed me.

Mallie's voice trembled as he spoke: "Hold off, boys—there's been a mistake." Then he proceeded to tell them exactly what the mistake was.

The crowd didn't believe Mallie, but he had sown the seeds of doubt. I had one chance left and I took it. I palmed the butt of the .38 and I held it loosely before me and my fingers caressed its trigger. I grinned at them.

"Most of you know who I am, boys," I said. "I work for Ringo. Ringo doesn't want any violence here tonight. I was deputized to help see that there is none. Mallie's done the talking. He's told you the truth. I'm here to back that truth up with lead if it becomes necessary. We're leaving now, boys—Sam Foster, Mallie, and I. I hope there won't be any trouble."

Sam walked slowly down his front porch steps. Mallie stumbled in his wake. I followed Mallie. Sam led the way diagonally across his little lawn. Sam, then Mallie, then I, passed within four feet of the wall of men. Those few minutes seemed agonizingly long.

And then, finally, Sam reached the car. He opened the rear door and climbed slowly into the back seat. Mallie climbed beside him. I got behind the wheel.

And then we were through the crowd and out of their sight.

I pulled to a stop at the side of the highway. I slid from under the wheel and opened the trunk. Among the tools and odds and ends I found a stretch of inch-and-a-half towline. Too heavy, but the strands would separate. I dragged the line from the trunk and piled it into the back seat. "Got a knife?" I asked Sam. He nodded. "Peel off a strand of this. Get me eight or ten yards and cut it in half." Sam nodded and went to work. I drove on, slowly. A clay road left the highway and disappeared in a grove of live oaks. I took it, drove several hundred yards, then stopped again.

"Outside, Mallie," I said.

He got out, groaning. I followed him. He turned to face me. I grabbed a fat shoulder and spun him around. Sam handed me a stretch of rope. I tied Mallie's hands behind him. Then I stuck a foot in front of him, shoved, and dumped him to the ground. I tied his ankles together. He

was sobbing now. "You can't leave me out here. You can't do it, Mr. Dolan. A man could die out here before somebody found him!"

"That's true, Mallie," I said. Sam got into the seat beside me. I backed, turned, and the rear wheels fought for traction as I churned out of there.

There were no cars at the junction of the main highway and 606. A hundred yards down 606, just off the road, was a crazily leaning, dilapidated barn. I pulled in behind it, parked the car so I could see the junction, doused the lights, and waited.

Finally Carlton, with two other men, pulled up in his car.

"Carlton?" I called.

"That's right. You the deputy that called?"

"No," I said.

"Then where in hell is the—"

I interrupted him. "We haven't much time. You've got to listen to me. I'll level with you—right from the start. Let me finish and then I'll answer your questions."

Carlton waited, his eyes narrow, wary. "My name is Dolan. An hour and a half ago I was in jail in Cartersville—accused of murdering a woman named Billy Ringo."

Carlton's right hand snaked beneath

his open jacket toward the bulge beneath his left shoulder.

"Got it, Tom," the man in the back seat drawled—and I looked into the muzzle of a .45.

"Relax," I said. "I'm clean. There's a .38 in the front seat of my car if you want it."

"Who's the man in your car?" Carlton asked.

"That's a friend of mine named Sam Foster. He's the man you want to see. He's the man bucking the bum rape charge. He's the man the mob's been after."

Now Carlton's gun was in his hand.

"Come out of there!" he shouted at Sam.

"Come out of there with your hands high!"

The other men were out of the car. Sam stumbled into the circle of light, his hands high above his head, his face mournful. One of the men frisked him. Then he checked me. "Nothing," he grunted.

"Get the .38 in the car," Carlton said. "All right, uncle," he said to Sam, "drop your hands." He turned to me. "Start talking. And you'd better talk good!"

I didn't pull any punches. I told them what I knew about the way the county was run and I didn't dodge the fact that

I rammed my knee in Bailey's face and heard his teeth crunch.



BOOK BONUS

Sam Foster and I had been knee-deep in the filth and rottenness of it. I knew that the F.B.I.'s interest was in the lynch threat, the violation of civil rights, but I was trying to wrap that and my murder rap in the same neat package and hand it to them.

I finished my story. "That's it," I said. Carlton stared at me for a moment with those cold eyes. "I'm not saying I'm buying your yarn, Dolan. I'm not saying that. But I'm going to give you a chance to prove it. So far we've heard one version of this melodrama—yours. I want another version. You say you've got the deputy who called me in Miami hobbled and hogtied back the road a piece. Let's go get him, Dolan. Let's listen to him talk. And if I still think there's a chance that you might be leveling I'll want to talk with the girl who is supposed to have claimed rape.

"We'll take both cars. We might need them. Joe, you drive our car and take the old guy with you. Harry and I'll ride with Dolan, here. Follow us. And stay close."

I nosed down the clay road five minutes later. I pulled into the grove of oaks where Sam and I had left Mallie.

But Mallie was not there.

Those cold eyes were on me again. The voice was as thin and wiry as Carlton himself:



Dusty moved slowly across the room while Ringo trained the Luger on her.

"I don't know what you're trying to pull, Dolan. But I'm beginning to feel a little unhappy about the whole thing. I'm going to give you one more chance. Can you find me the girl, Dolan?"

He had me sweating. "I can find you the sheriff of this county, Carlton—if the man I left here hasn't gotten to a phone and warned him that all hell was breaking loose in town and that you people were on your way from Miami. I can find him and I can make him tell us where the girl is. It's a forty-five minute drive from here. Will you take a chance?"

He thought for a moment. "This time you'd better be right, Dolan."

I left the highway and slithered along the back country roads that led to Ringo's fishing lake. I spoke once:

"Will you let me handle this my own way, if Bailey's there?"

Carlton thought it over. Then: "I've played along with you this far. I've promised you a chance to prove you're leveling. If that's the way you want it—then that's the way it will be."

The miles seemed endless.

It wasn't until we were two hundred yards from the house and I saw Bailey's Mercury sedan that the tension that had churned my stomach eased up.

"All right. He's here!" I told Carlton.

I made the front corner of the house, stepped noiselessly to the dock that ran along the front of the house, tried the door to the front porch, found it unlocked, and stepped from the dock to the porch. A radio was blaring jive. Through a window I could see the back of Bailey's bullet head and over his heavy shoulders I could see a card table. He was deep in a game of solitaire. Beside the cards on the table was his artillery—his gun belt and his holstered .45. Across the room, at the bar, I saw a woman building a drink. When she raised her head I saw that it was Adele.

It was obvious, from the open door, the lights, the blaring radio, the relaxed attitudes, that Bailey had had no warning from Mallie. I leaned easily against the solid door between the porch and the front room, and slowly turned the knob. Adele screamed.

"You—" Bailey said, and he half stood, and the split second it took him to get his thoughts in gear and go for his gun was a split second too many. I aimed a foot at the card table and the cards flew and the gun thumped to the floor and when Bailey stooped, clawing for it, I brought a knee to his face and heard him grunt and felt teeth give.

He swung at me—a roundhouse right that a blind man could have seen coming—and I went inside it, pumping short jabs to his soft belly, and he fell back, gasping.

And then a voice, a screaming voice, hysterical, drunken, or both—a woman's voice, not Adele's—came from the end of the room. "Kill him! Kill him!" I looked quickly toward the far end of the room and saw that the girl, half-sitting, half-lying on the couch, her hair matted, her torn slip twisted about her thighs, her eyes wild and staring, was Virgie Lupfers.

Carlton had decided it was time to

take over. He and his two pals, guns drawn, came through the door from the porch.

I fought for breath to speak. "All right, Carlton. This side of beef on the floor is the sheriff of Carter County. The woman behind the bar is his girl-friend and, incidentally, the madam of a first-rate cathouse. The kid on the couch is Virgie Lupfers. These gentlemen, my friends, are agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Miami. They have a few questions they'd like answered. Like who was responsible for the rape charge against Sam Foster, just for instance."

VIRGIE ran a shaking hand through her hair in an abortive attempt to straighten it, smoothed her torn slip modestly around her thighs, and said, "There wasn't no rape, Adele made me say there was." "It was him!" she blurted, pointing to Bailey. "It was his idea, right from the start! He said he needed one of my girls for a special job. I didn't know what he wanted her for, Honest!"

Bailey struggled to his feet and stood, swaying, shaking his head to clear it, and said, "By God, I'm the sheriff of this county. I've got some rights here, and I'll be God—"

I couldn't stand it any longer. At this rate we'd be here all night, and I had a little unfinished business to attend to. I knew Bailey was yellow and I knew how to get the truth out of him, and get it quick. I moved in on him, too fast for Carlton to stop me.

This time, I was holding the cards. His arms covered his face and I went for his belly again. He went backward, back against the wall, gasping, and his shoulders drooped and his heavy arms dropped to cover his mid-section and I went to work on his face. It was like shooting a sitting duck, but I took a certain pleasure in it. Short, quick jabs—like a workout with a light bag. Bailey was making hoarse, grunting sounds now, hurt-animal sounds, and I hated to leave my work but I was afraid he couldn't take any more.

I stood away from him. "Who rigged this thing? Who got the girl to lie?"

He was crying now, blubbing. "Ringo," he said, "It was Ringo—it was his idea. He wanted Sam Foster out of the way. He made me do it. Made me get the girl, have her lie, then get out of town so the boys could take care of Sam Foster. I reckon they got him by now. But it was Ringo, Ringo, I tell you!"

"Foster's with us, Bailey. We've got Foster."

If Bailey heard this he made no sign of understanding it. He was babbling now. "Like Billy Ringo—that was Ringo, too! I had nothing to do with it. You go get Rand Ringo . . ."

I'd heard all I wanted to hear. Carlton and his boys were wrapping things up and tying them with a pretty red ribbon.

Now I had things to do on my own and I didn't want any interference. I edged toward the door. Nobody noticed me. I eased through the door and I didn't stop running until I reached the car I'd

driven out from town. I slammed behind the wheel, started the car, whipped it backward, and then headed it back the way we'd just come. Sam Foster had gotten out of the other car. He was staring anxiously at me. "Mr. Dolan, what—"

"Later, Sam," I said. "It's all right. Later."

I had no definite plan as I left the highway and wheeled into the graveled drive that led to Ringo's house. Three-quarters of the way in from the highway I pulled off the drive and yanked the car to a stop behind a banyan.

I decided to try entering the house from the back.

"Mr. Dolan—" The sound behind me was almost a hiss. I felt my mouth go dry as I whirled.

The voice was frightened now. "Ain't nobody but me, Ben, Mr. Dolan. I been waiting for you."

"Ringo's in there?" I asked.

"He's there, all right, Mr. Dolan. And he's acting mighty strange."

"How can I get into the house, Ben?"

"I'll get you in. You better take this." Ben handed me an ancient .44 and the cool feel of it was good in my hand. "You follow me."

I made it to the door of Ringo's study without incident. Through the door I could hear music and a woman's voice.

I held Ben's .44 lightly in my right hand. I breathed deeply, once, twisted the knob, and shouldered my way into the room. Gloria Ringo was across the room. She stifled a scream and stared at me with terror-stricken eyes. Ringo was not there. The woman on the other side of the room by the phonograph was long-legged, slender. Her wide mouth twitched as she looked at me. Her green eyes were wide with fear. Her make-up heavy. She had changed a great deal since I had last seen her. And the changes had not been for the better. But I would have known her any time—she was Dusty Randall.

Her voice was flat, colorless, tired. "It's been a long time, Brad. You've changed."

"Yes," I waited for the thing to hit me. I waited for the inevitable reaction: a shock, the pain of old wounds reopened. I waited. And there was nothing! I was dead inside. Dusty Randall was a stranger.

Gloria screamed, but it was too late. I felt the touch of steel in the small of my back. I cursed my stupidity. The shock of finding Dusty there had been too much for me. I'd asked for it and I'd gotten it. "Drop it, Dolan," Ringo said. The .44 thudded against the thick rug. Ringo prodded me away from it, picked it up, pocketed it, and walked backward keeping his Luger trained on my chest. He stood behind his desk and smiled politely at me.

"How nice, Dolan," he said. "We've been waiting for you. We had a phone call saying that you might drop by for a visit. One of Bailey's deputies."

I said quietly, "What are you going to do, Ringo?"

His voice was soft, polite. "I regret to say that I'm going to kill you, Dolan."

Gloria sobbed harshly.

"Quite a shock finding Dusty here, isn't it, Dolan?"

"No."

I almost felt sorry for him at that moment, again. "Damn you!" he shouted. "This woman is my mistress!"

"That's just barely interesting," I said. He wouldn't let it go. "I found out where she was, Dolan. I had friends trace her. I thought it might be amusing—even useful—to have her available. You know where I found her, Dolan? Miami Beach. There's a price on everything in Miami Beach."

"You scum," Dusty said.

I felt sick.

Ringo's voice was evil. "You haven't got long, Dolan."

"You won't get away with it, Ringo," I said.

He smiled pleasantly. "This is still my county, Dolan. I'm still calling the shots around here."

"But not for long."

"The F.B.I.? I'd heard that they might come. They've got nothing on me. They'll have nothing on me when I kill an escaped murderer in self-defense."

"They're here, Ringo. Here in your county! They've talked to Loy Bailey. Bailey has spilled his guts. You're all through, Ringo."

His face seemed frozen. "My people will help me. They won't see me railroaded!"

"Ringo," I said, "Loy Bailey and Adele have been planning to take over this county for themselves! You've been living on borrowed time! I've been saving that information for you."

Ringo's voice was sad, now. "You've all turned against me. Why? What have I done?"

"Billy," I said. "Just to mention one small thing. You killed Billy and then tried to pin the rap on me."

Gloria stifled a scream with two clenched fists and her eyes were wide with terror.

Ringo's body straightened and those great eyes shone and I knew then, knew once and for all, finally, that he was mad. "I killed her. Of course I killed her!" He pawed in a pocket with his free hand and came up with a slim, pearl-handled knife—the type that most of the citrus men in the area used to cut and sample fruit. He released the single, eight-inch blade, threw the knife, blade first, at his desk and it stuck there, quivering in the light. "I killed her with that. I found her in your house—my house—waiting for you, Dolan, and I killed her, and there's not a jury in the state that would convict me of it."

"You tried to break me too," I said. "You even went to the stupid length of finding Dusty, of taking her on, keeping her, waiting for a chance to rub my nose in the memory of her. Even that—when you finally got around to it—was a failure. When it became obvious to you that even your wife preferred me to you, you couldn't stand it any longer. But you had to be the great manipulator. You had to do something clever, subtle, complex—like the way you tried to get rid of Sam Foster. In our case—Billy's and mine—to kill two birds with one stone. Get rid of Billy, hang the rap on me, and have your boys shoot me down in a faked jail break before the State could get me

onto the witness stand for a fair trial."

I DON'T know why he didn't shoot me. Perhaps he was hearing the truth about himself for the first time and was per-
versely fascinated by it.

"And Gloria. You love Gloria perhaps more than anyone, anything you've ever had. And you have been smothering her. Destroying her."

"Gloria," he muttered. "Do you believe these things he says about me?"

She was silent for a moment. She breathed deeply, harshly, and then, "Yes," she said.

I heard cars grind to a stop in the driveway. Then Dusty spoke, her voice hard, flat, emotionless: "You lose. I was to be a part of your joke."

She was moving across the room, moving toward him, moving in that long-legged, graceful, controlled swagger that I remembered so well.

"Stop, Dusty!" I shouted.

She crossed in front of me, walking toward Ringo, her eyes on the knife stuck in Ringo's desk. "It doesn't matter, Brad. It's too late for anything to matter."

Ringo screamed, "You slut!"

She moved toward him, steadily. Someone was pounding on the door. I lunged for Dusty just as Ringo fired. My hands caught her around her waist, and as I dragged her to the floor I rolled and came to my knees between her and Ringo. And then I heard Carlton's voice behind me:

"Drop the gun, Ringo!"

Ringo's laughter was high and shrill. And then the still-smoking muzzle was in his mouth. Gloria was moaning. "Stop him somebody stop him he's my father somebody please please stop him!" And then Ringo pulled the trigger. I watched him topple backward, back across the room, his great arms outstretched, against the rows of shelves behind his desk, then slump slowly to the floor, pulling books and records with him.

And then I was staring stupidly at the blood on my hands. I turned to Dusty Randall and saw the widening pool of blood on the rug by her side. Carlton was by her, reaching for her.

I shook my head at him. "I've got her, Carlton."

He stood away and I sat beside her and lifted her head into my lap and she said, her voice a hoarse whisper, "I'm sorry Brad. I couldn't help it, it's the way I was . . ."

"Hush. It doesn't matter. You're going to be all right."

She smiled at me, and then she died.

Carlton and his men asked their questions and made their notes and their phone calls. I stood still for the eating-out that Carlton gave me for running out on him at Ringo's fishing lodge, and for lousing things up, generally, and then Gloria and I walked through the strangely quiet house and onto the lawn. We walked, hand in hand, to the great banyan tree between the front door and the driveway. I held her close to me, and after a while she stopped sobbing and I kissed her long and tenderly. ***

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America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Krasnik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.



"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stash, Ft. Madison, Iowa.



"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.



"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.



AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send



Nothing takes the place of **PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE**. That's why NRI training is based on **LEARNING BY DOING**. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my



Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multimeter you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

The Tested Way To Better Pay!

Training plus opportunity is the **PERFECT COMBINATION** for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the **BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED**. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys **GREAT SECURITY**. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets the day you enroll, that show you how to fix sets. Multimeter built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON



Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.



25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. **J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 6JG1, Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.**

Good for Both—FREE

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
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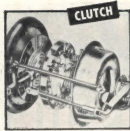
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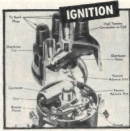
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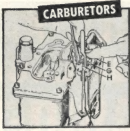




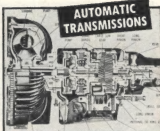
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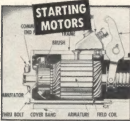


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